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MISKODEED

MISHAWAKA HIGH SCHOOL

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLASS OF '15

Prologue

FIRST the purpose of this annual, it is to produce a history of the school year, and one which will, in future years, renew for us our dimming high school days, one which will make us think tenderly of days spent among teachers and classmates in old M. H. S.

The staff had a hard time getting started this year but we have persevered until now our work is finished and our effort is before you. We ask you to look kindly upon it and to judge it not too severely.

TO THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL

the class of '15 respectfully
dedicates this volume of the

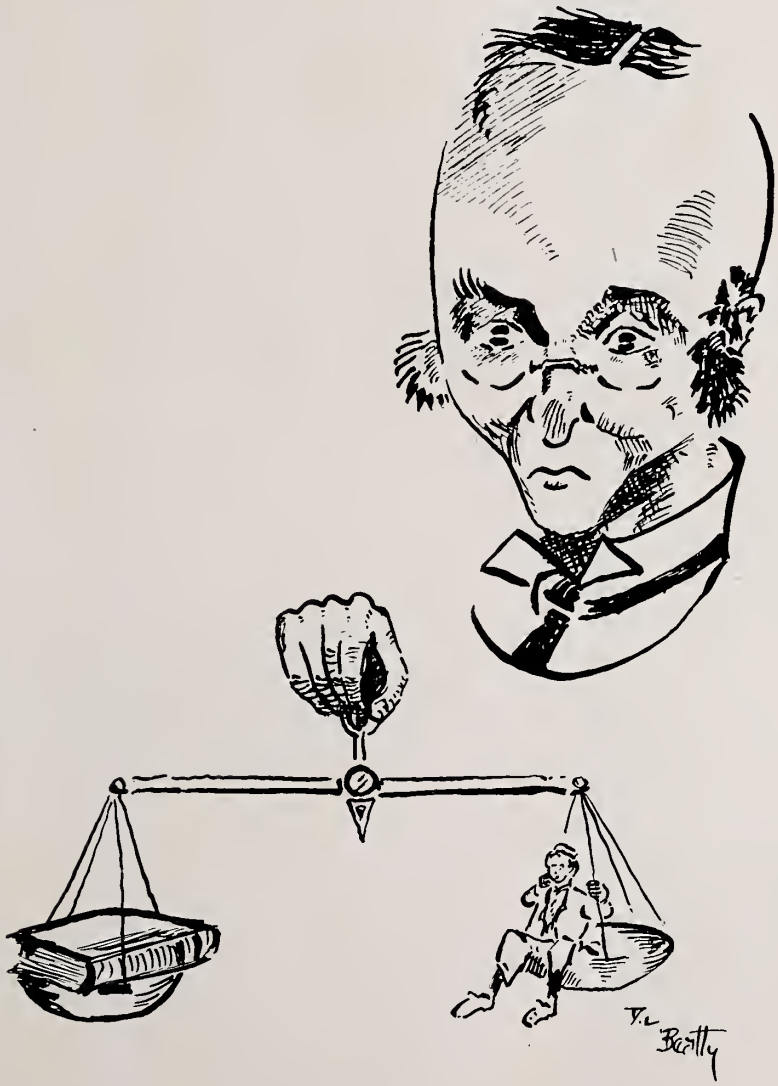
"MISKODEED"

MISHAWAKA HIGH SCHOOL

FRED SEIFERT
ATHLETICS
LYNDELL MARTLING
JOKES
DOROTHY NOYES
ALUMNI EDITOR
1914
FLORENCE SYTZ
SOCIAL
LAURA DUNDON
LITERARY EDITOR
CHESTER BUSSERT
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
HELEN LANG
ASS'T EDITOR
ELBRIDGE STUDLEY
BUS. MGR.
FLOYD HAMBRIGHT
ADV. MGR.
FREDA BASH
MUSIC
STAFF
STELLE SWINEHART
SENIORS
DEMPSTER BEATTY
ART
LLEWELLYN MAURER
FRESHMEN
DOROTHY MIX
SOPHOMORES

The above is a likeness of J. F. N., which in long hand is John Franklin Nuner, the Superintendent of Schools. It is to his credit that the Schools of Mishawaka are classified among the many fine things mentioned most frequently in the column "what Mishawaka has." The City takes great pride in its Schools. Their growth has been rapid but sound and healthy, and their administration during these years particularly wise and efficient. The High School students and teachers wish to take this opportunity to express their thanks for the interest and enthusiasm which Mr. Nuner has always had in the High School, and for his wise and friendly counsel.

FACULTY



MR. HORTON

Mr. Horton our principal can be defined by the one word enthusiasm. He comes from Indiana, and makes us wonder if they distribute life and vigor there in doses. We certainly owe him a great deal for his influence in making the school so progressive and up-to-date.

MISS WELCH

Miss Welch would be an honor to any school. Her years of endeavor have done much toward making M. H. S. an institution worth while. The old verse, "And still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all she knew," might well be applied to her.

MISS TURNER

Our best beloved Leona Turner also is from Indiana. By her broad sympathy and interest in everything concerning the school she has won the hearts of all the students and we could not get along without her.

MISS TERRY

Miss Terry has attended so many musical institutions that it is impossible to decide which is the most important. We appreciate greatly her work in making the music department so interesting and beneficial. The world would be better if it contained more such ardent lovers of Beethoven and Wagner.

MR. MILLER

Mr. Miller has pulled up our commercial department so much and so well, that now our commercial course can compare very favorably with that of any high school in the state. Mr. Miller demands absolute silence and attention in his classes, but he has recently been converted to the cause of Women Suffrage, thereby proving that there are exceptions to all rules, even his own.

MISS KERN

This is the first year Miss Kern has been with us but she has already proven her worth. She has a whole train of snakes, flowers, hearts, vegetables, crawfish and boys. At spreads, parties, and circus'es, she has no equal.

MISS SIMPSON

Miss Simpson is the genius of our faculty for spreads, teas, and luncheons. The odors from her sanctum have a very disquieting effect on all the students just before noon. She comes from *Michigan State Normal* and certainly is an honor to that institution.

MISS McCOUN

Miss McCoun joined the ranks of the Faculty this year. Her genial and kind disposition has already won her many friends among the students of her department.

MR. BROWN

Mr. Brown is another new member of the faculty. He is very popular, especially among the freshmen for his knowledge of the magic arts. He is instructor in science and rules his domain with the wisdom of Socrates.

MISS HOCKETT

Miss Hockett is little but very, very mighty. She is the life of all school dramatics and the English department would certainly suffer if she were to leave. She has a twin brother but she will not tell us his age.

MISS HOWE

Miss Howe is another who is spending her first year with us but we hope it will not be the last. The verse applied to Miss Welch might well apply to Miss Howe but we shall not repeat it. She hails from *Indiana* and has done much toward making this year a dramatic success.

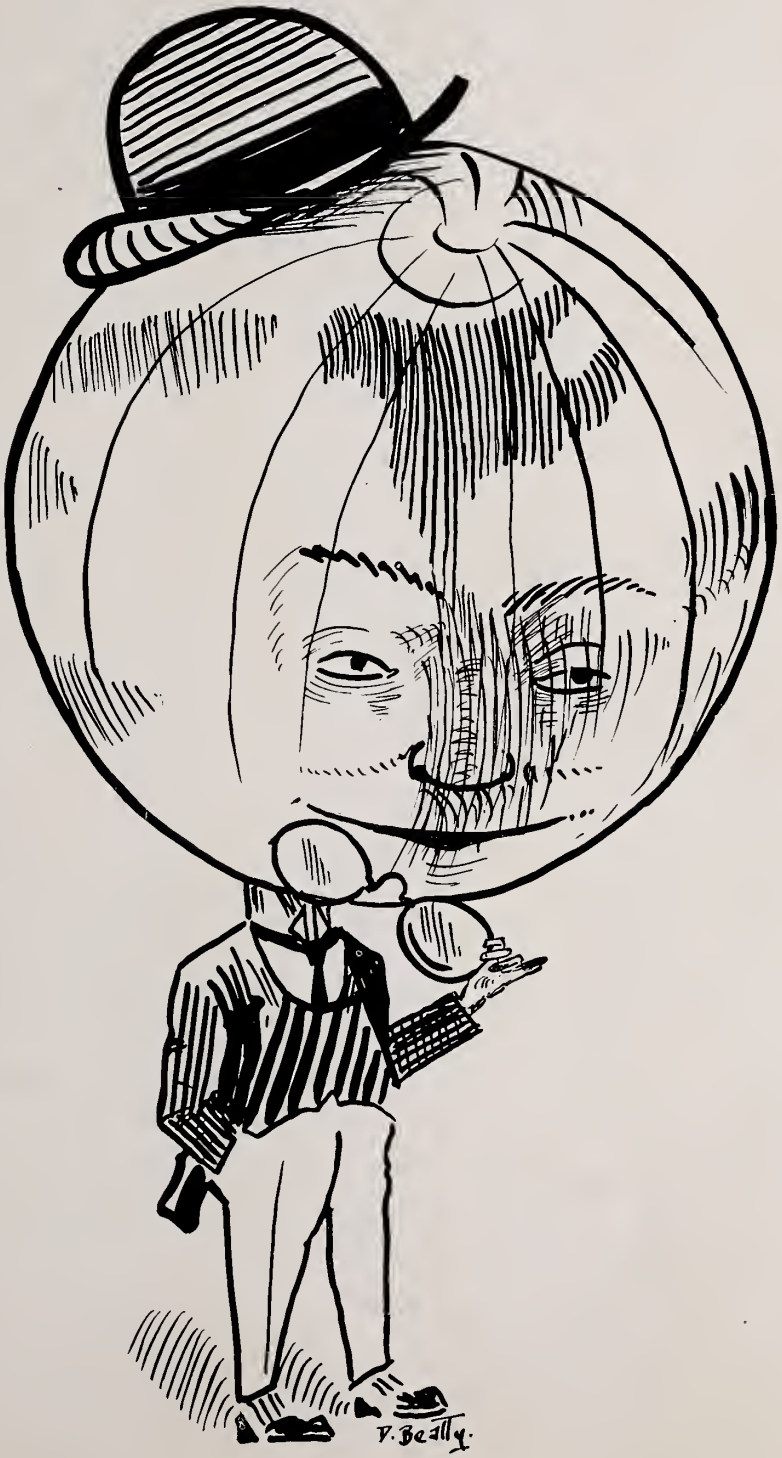
MR. OWEN

Graduate of *Michigan State Normal* and head of the Industrial Department.

MISS KELLY

Instructor in art. From *State Normal* at Terre Haute and *Chicago Art Institute.*

SENIORS



Senior Officers

President.....Lewis Lang
Vice-President.....Walter Crumley
Secretary.....Minnie Schalliol
Treasurer.....Kathryn Eager

Colors:—Alice Blue and Gold.

Flower:—White Peony.

Motto:—"NON NOBIS SOLUM NATI SUMUS."

We are not born for ourselves alone.

YELL

Yea-a-a-a-a-a-a-a '14!
Yea-a-a-a-a-a-a-a '14!
N-i-n-e-t-e-e-n-!
F-o-u-r-t-e-e-n-!
1914!
Yea-a-a-a-a-a-aa- '14!

Senior Class

IT is indeed, with deep regret that we, the class of nineteen hundred and fourteen, bid farewell to our fellow classes, and the dear old M. H. S. Our last year has been filled with pleasure as well as hard work, and we leave our places as Seniors with genuine regret,—although we feel that the Juniors will fill our places nobly. However, our sorrow is not unmixed with pleasure when we look forward to the years for which our High School has prepared us; and we hope to succeed in such a measure that we shall do honor to the school which has trained us in our various occupations.

During our Freshmen year, the new building was completed, and at the beginning of our second semester in the High School, we marched proudly to our seats in the new building, where we received detailed instructions from our principal, Miss Welch, concerning the care of the furniture. Since that time, many new teachers have joined us, and several new subjects have been added to the curriculum,—among them, vocational guidance, music and public speaking. And during the last four years the standard of the school has been raised inestimably.

It has also been since our entrance into High School, that the Social Club and the two literary societies, the Philosophian and the Adelphosophian, have been organized, and the present system of conducting morning exercises has been adopted. And while, perhaps, we are not directly responsible for these innovations, still, we have doubtless had an immense influence.

We have made a pretty good showing in the athletic field too. In our Junior year the class was awarded the pennant for winning an interclass contest in soccer football.

The basket ball teams that we have had during the past four years, have all been exceptionally fine teams,—but the one this year was so successful,—even defeating a choice alumni team,—that the school sent it to the state tournament at Bloomington.

Last year, one member of our class received an M, for winning the silver medal at the Northern Indiana Oratorical Contest.

The class of nineteen hundred and fourteen will present Oliver Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer" some time during Commencement Week. In so doing, we are preceding the other classes in giving a classical play.

We are glad that the girls of the class have set the example for a pretty and inexpensive Commencement by deciding to graduate in sailor suits. We believe the occasion will be made very effective by this democracy and simplicity.

And now, we wish to express our gratitude to the teachers who have worked so hard for us, to express the sincere hope that if we have not raised the standard of the school, we have at least maintained it, and as sincere a hope that we have influenced the lower classmen to higher ideals and ambitions, as we were influenced when we were younger by "our Seniors."

Ye Prophecy

O, list to the prognostications
For the wonderful class of '14,
The class of all others the greatest,
Whose story doth brilliantly gleam.

But please do not any offense take,
And fix on the author no blame.
For he's assigned unto each, the vocation
Which Fate alone linked with his name.

Fair Anna is doomed for a teacher;
And Floyd will a minister be;
Armida,—conductor of parties—
The sights of all Europe to see.

Walter's a big politician;
Gertrude's a leader of styles;
Minnie's a fine music teacher,—
Her method is well-known for miles.

Stella's a teacher at Wellesly;
Margaret is coach at Bryn Mawr;
Ralph P. is a wonderful chemist,—
His work is the talk of the hour.

Estella is making great money
With Elizabeth,—hand over fist,
In a Woman's Exchange in Chicago,—
They've a great many suitors,—I wist.

Kathryn's a grand opera singer;
And Lewis an airman will be;
Irving belongs to the army;
And Violet is touring the sea.

Esther's a teacher of science;
Raymond's a gay city sport;
And Harold's a noted machinist,
With inventions of every sort.

Garfield's an excellent actor;
Leona at painting is great;
Ralph H. is a gallant drum major,
With high step and galloping gait.

Ray is a noted musician;
Marguerite's a suffragette;
Lillie's a wealthy land owner,
With a great many houses to let.

Donald's a street car conductor;
Iva's a maker of gowns;
Beatrice is a director
Of playgrounds in numerous towns.

Clarence will be an electrician;
And Deane will a milliner be;
And all are surrounded with glory,
As each one can readily see.

The author has been very willing
To each classmate a fate to assign,
But when he arrives at his own name,
There are no more words left that will rhyme.

SENIORS

LEWIS LANG. "Lang"

Class President '14. Vice-President Adel. Society '14. "A life spent worthily, should be measured by deeds not words."

WALTER CRUMLEY. "Crumley"

Vice-President of Class '14. Chairman Phil. Program Committee '14. Mr. Marlowe Senior Play. "She thinks I'm a fool."

MINNIE SCHALLIOL. "Minnie"

Adel. Secretary of Class of '14. "From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

KATHRYN EAGER:

Treasurer of Class '14. Secretary of Phil. Society '14. "To friendship every burdens light."

DOROTHY BAKER. "Dutch"

Treasurer of Phil. Society. Mrs. Hardcastle in Senior Play. "She is full of great learning, and good wishes."

LILLIE BOLES. "Billy."

Adel. "A sort of sturdy Puritan."

GERTRUDE CUDDAHAY. "Gert"

Adel. Oratorical Team '14. "Gentle in manners, firm in reality."

LEONA DISTLER. "Leona"
Adel. "Love all, trust few, do wrong to none."

ELIZABETH DUCKWALL. "Duckie"
Phil. Maid in Senior Play. "Laugh and be happy."

MARGARET DUNDON. "Margot"
Adel. "Tis virtue that makes her most admired."

RAYMOND EMERSON.
Phil. "I am not of many words."

FLOYD FULMER. "Fulmer"
Phil. "Tired natures sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

RALPH HUTCHINSON. "Hutchie"
Phil. Oratorical Team '14. "Sleep little pigeon with the blue velvet eyes."

CLARANCE KAMM. "Kammie"
Pres. Phil. Society '14. Vice-Pres. of Athletic Assoc. Landlord in Senior Play. "My doctrine is to lay aside contentions and be satisfied."

MARGUERITE KAUFFMAN. "Marguerite"

Phil. "Patience and gentleness is power."

GARFIELD LOVELL. "Lovey"

Adel. Yell Master '13, '14. Tony Lumpksin in Senior Play. "His voice is strong and powerful, an excellent thing in the "gym."

ESTELLA MATZ. "Estell"

Phil. "My joys are many, my sorrows few."

DONALD McCOLLUM. "Don"

Phil. Pres. Social Club '14. Mr. Hardcastle in Senior Play. "Infinite riches in a little room."

IVA MIDDLETON. "Iva"

Chairman of Adel. Program Committee '14. "But sweeter none, than voice of faithful friend."

ANNA MONHAUT. "Anna"

Adel. "Her face betokened all things dear and good."

RALPH POWELL. "Rastus"

Sergeant-at-arms of Adel. Society. "O! star eyed Science thou hast wondered me."

IRVING GEIL. "Geilie"

Phil. Baseball '14. Basket Ball '12, '13, '14. Pres. of Atheletic Association '14. Mr. Hastings in Senior Play. "Lets meet and either do or die."

HAROLD ROGERS. "Rogers"

Phil. Vice-Pres. of Class '12, '13. "Good behavior is the finest of fine arts."

RAY RUSS. "Rusty"

Pres. of Adel. Society. Vice-Pres. of Athletic Association. Basket Ball '13, (Capt.) '14. "Vive le Prince d'Orange. Landed in England in 1688, and in M. H. S. in 1911."

ARMIDA SWAYNE. "Mike"

Phil. "Mistress of herself."

STELLA SWINEHART. "Stell"

Secretary of Class '13. Treasurer of Adel. Society '14. Senior member of the Miskodeed staff. Mrs. Hardcastle in Senior Play. "As full of spirit as the month of May."

VIOLET TODD. "Toddie"

Secretary of Adel. Society '14. Class Treasurer '12,'13. "Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

BEATRICE TREADWAY. "Bee"

Adel. Secretary of the Class '11. Miss Neville in Senior Play. "Friendship above all ties doth bind the heart."

ESTHER ZIMMERMAN. "Ettie Dimmie"

Phil. Treasurer of Class '10, '11. "Rich in saving common sense."

DEAN VAN WINKLE. "Deanus"

Adel. Eentered Class in '14. "And dates she could remember."

Seniors

On the ninth day of September,
In the year of nineteen ten—
You no doubt may all remember
Though past four years it now has been.

We were, "Freshies," so they called us,
Asked us what we wanted here;
Seniors, Juniors, even Sophomores
Soaked it to us that first year.

We were timid as they all are
When they first arrive, you see,
But we finally had more courage
When we Sophomores grew to be.

Last year Juniors, and we knew then
Seniors we would be ere long.
Several of our class had left us,
That we all considered wrong.

And now we're Seniors wise and brave;
We're daily thinking past days o'er,
Of things worth doing that were done
By M–H–S–1–9–1–4.

JUNIORS

Class of '15

President.....Elbridge Studley
Vice-President.....Helen Lang
Secretary.....Clara Brown
Treasurer.....Florence Sytz

Colors:—Navy Blue and Gold

Flower:—Yellow Rose

Motto:—Esse, quam videre. To be, rather than to seem.

Hamlet's Soliloqy
(Revised)

To study or not to study, that is the question
Whether 'tis better not to study
And take the risk of flunking,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And learn long lessons assigned.
To cram, and cram, perchance to flunk,
Aye, there's the rub.
For when we once fall below the line
What chance have we of regaining lost time!
No chance of Juniors and Sophomores
Can win the favor of the faculty.
"To be a Senior"—to graduate—to cram no more,
And by graduating to say we end the toils and
The thousand mental shocks our brains are heir to
'Tis a consummation devotedly to be wished.

We regret very much to announce that two of our most talented Juniors failed to get their pictures in this book. Their names however are given below.

HAROLD GARDNER
"Harold"
Phil. Treasurer of Class '12, '13.
"Music, the idol of my dreams."

HENRIETTA LOOTENS
"Henry"
Phil. "To know her, is to love her.

With Apologies to William Shakespeare

Friends, Students, Classmates, lend me your ears;
I come to praise the Juniors, not to degrade them.
The evil classes do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
Let it not be so with the Juniors. The learned Seniors
Hath told you Juniors are not ambitious:
If it be so, it is a grievous fault,
And grievously will they answer it.
Here, under leave of the Seniors and the rest,—
For they are a learned class;
So are they all, all classes,—
Come I to speak in behalf of the Juniors.
They my classmates, faithful and just to all—
But Seniors say they are not ambitious;
And they are a learned class.
They have brought many honors to the school,
Whose laurels did the general scholars share:
Surely this in the Juniors seems ambitious.
When that the others have played, the Juniors have worked:
Could ambition be made of sterner stuff?
Yet Seniors are a learned class.
You all did see that on the Lyceum
They thrice presented goodly talent,
Which you did thrice enjoy: that was ambition.
But Seniors say they are not ambitious;
And, sure, they are a learned class.
I speak not to disprove what Seniors say,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all look up to them, not without cause:
What cause with-holds you then to work for them.
O School! thou art turned to heartless people,
And students have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the class rooms there with Juniors
And I must pause till it comes back to me.

—*Ruth Sutherland*, '15.

ELBRIDGE STUDLEY
"Studley"

Adel. Pres. of Class '14. Captain of Soccer '13. Track '13. Baseball '14. Basket Ball '14. Business Manager of the Miskodeed '14. Business Manager of the Big "M" Circus. "His record is sufficient."

CLARA BROWN
"Clara"

Phil. Sec'y. of Class '14. "Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

FLORENCE SYTZ
"Sytz"

Adel. Treasurer of Class '14. Girls Basket Ball Captain '14. Social Editor of the "Miskodeed." "O! how she loves the little bugs."

ROSALIE BAUERT
"Rosalie"

Adel. "I never with important air, in conversation overbear."

HELEN LANG
"Pudgy"

Phil. Secretary of Class' 13. Vice-Pres. Class '14. Oral Reading Team '13. Ass't. Editor "Miskodeed" '14. "Study is a dreary thing, I would I knew the remedy."

CHESTER BUSSERT
"Buzz"

Phil. Editor-in-Chief of the "Miskodeed." Basket Ball '13, '14. Sargeant-at-Arms Class '14. "Plough deep, while others sleep."

FRIEDA BASH
"Frieda"

Phil. Oratorical Team '13. Music Editor of the "Miskodeed." "Modest, simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla."

DEMPSTER BEATTY
"Demp"

Phil. Captain Track '14. Art Editor of the "Miskodeed." "Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand. He raves, recites and maddens round the land."

JOHN BRANSTRATOR
"Bran"

Phil. "A little foolishness now and then is relished by the best of men."

GEORGE BYRKIT
"Byrkit"

Phil. President of Class '12. "He Steps right onward, martial in his air."

JAMES COOK
"Cooky"

Adel. "As merry as the day is long"

ELVAH CLOSE
"Elvah"

Phil. Entered class in '13. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

IVAN CRULL
"Ivan"

Adel. "The Little Minister."

LAURA DUNDON
"Laurie"

Adel. Literary Editor of the "Miskodeed." Oratorical Team '12. "To busy to think of myself."

HAROLD EASTERDAY
"Bob"

Phil. Pres. Class '13. Vice-Pres. Social Club '14. Track '13. Base Ball '14. "I find that nonsense at times is singularly refreshing."

SYLVIA FOLKER
"Shib"

Adel. Member of Adel. Program Committee '13, '14. "Life is short, so be merry while you may."

FLOYD HAMBRIGHT
"Hammie"

Phil. Advertising Manager of the "Miskodeed." "One with a good sound mind as I remember him."

ROY KOHLER
"Shorty"

Phil. Basket Ball '14. "They have pretty girls at LaPorte, but they can't beat ours."

LESTER LOTT
"Let"

Phil. "Oh! very well."

WILLIAM MIDDLETON
"Bill"

Adel. "I work with patience, which is almost power."

FRIEDA HEINER
"Frieda"

Phil. "It is the wise head, that makes the still tongue."

LYNDELL MARTLING
"Lindy"

Phil. Sec'y. Class '12. Joke Editor of the "Miskodeed." "Tis sweet indeed, to put aside our own desires to aid another."

ETHEL MESSLER

Phil. "Our Student."

EULALIE MILLER
"Lelie"

Phil. "What she undertook to do, she did."

DOROTHY NOYES
"Dot"

Adel. Sec'y. Social Club '14. Alumni Editor of the "Miskodeed." "I thought, and thought, and then I called her winsome."

HARRY PELTON
"Harry"

"Always sociable polite ,and agreeable, you'll find. Pervidin' you strike him right, and nothin' on his mind."

MARY ROBINSON
"Mary"

Phil. "Still gently she works while others play."

HELEN SERVICE
"Smiley"

Phil. "Wait a minute."

CHARLES TRAMER
"Baldy"

Basket Ball '10, '11, '14. Manager Basket Ball '13, '14. Manager Base Ball '14. "I have a reasonable good ear in music."

ROY NEIKHARD

Phil. "A man of mark, to know next time you saw him."

ALISLE ROCKHOFF

Phil. Track '14. "Tis a very good world to live in."

FRED SEIFERT
"Cy"

Phil. Athletic Editor of "Miskodeed." Basket Ball '13, '14. Capt. Base Ball '14. "If she think not well of me, what care I how she be."

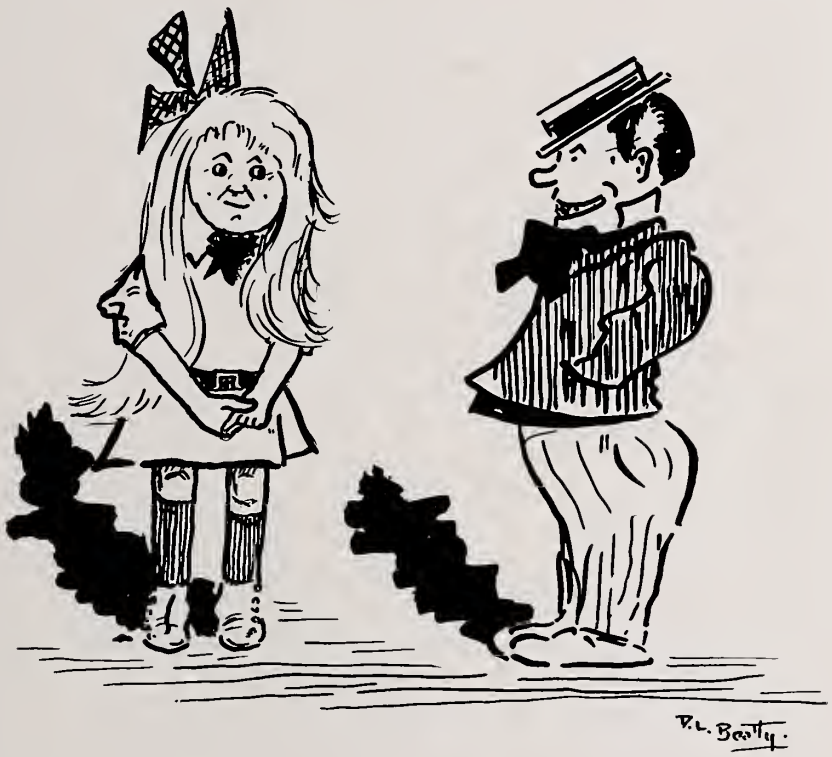
RUTH SUTHERLAND
"Rufus"

Vice-Pres. Adel. '14. Captain Girls Basket Ball '12. "Her curly hair, my heart enchained."

Mr. Davis

He'd stand behind the teacher
When messages he'd bring,
He'd wink one eye, and make a face,
And do just anything,
So the pupils in the classrooms
Of good old M. H. S.,
Were always sure to giggle,
Why?—the teacher could not guess.
He was just the kindest fellow,
But one we had to lose,
And now we shall not hear again
The squeaking of his shoes.

SOPHOMORES



Class Officers

President.....Harry Eager
Vice-President.....Dorothy Mix
Secretary.....Josephine Ahara
Treasurer.....D. J. Graham
Sergeant-at-Arms.....Logan Emerson

Class Colors:—Scarlet and White

Class Flower:—White Carnation

Class Motto

We really have no authentic motto but I am sure I can be justified in saying that if we had one it would be "Always Original." In fact, the only time when we have not been original was when we entered the High School. We were just as green as all Freshies are. However, had we not been green it would have been exceptional, not original.

Our first brilliant piece of originaltiy, (the Seniors, who were not invited called it freshness), was during our Freshman year. We gave a party to the then Sophomores. It was a pronounced success and we mentally patted ourselves on the back for weeks afterwards.

The next appearance was in the Sophomore Entertainment given March 17th of this year. Feeling the immediate need of more funds in our treasury we

seized the opportunity of St. Patricks Day on which to give a box social. Of course it wasn't just a box social, no indeed, there's nothing original in that. But we had several side issues and a whole lot of fun, mostly fun.

Just at present our Chief Originator is on a strike, consequently it is not known to the general public just what sort of an affair will be originated next. But we hope in the very near future that some occasion will arise in which the Class of '16 may show its patented and copyrighted originality.

Class Members

Ahara, Josphine
Battles, Ruth
Beard, Roy
Berberick, Merlin
Behse, Hilda
Bolinger, Donald
Bowling, Owen
Buckel, Marie
Burnett, Jack
Burkhart, Lucille
Distler, Helen
Eager, Harry
Eberhart, George
Emerson, Logan
Engers, Laura
Fuller, Lillie
Garvin, Lois
Goethals, Charles
Graham, D. J.
Hunt, Welcome
Jaqua, Leonard
Jaqua, Russell
Krell, Anna
Lee, Sylvia
Leopold, Dema
Linsenmier, Irwin
McCreary, Herman
McNabb, Lisle
Mecklenburg, Eleanor
Miller, Sadie
Mix, Dorothy
Mumby, Elsie
Mumby, Wesley
Ormond, Pierce
Ostrander, Joseph
Pancake, Mae
Peterson, Oscar
Sawyer, Edwin
Shaw, Nellie
Shultz, Doris
Shultz, Leonard
Schmidt, Emma
Scott, Bernice
Simms, Della
Spangler, Grace
Stine, Leon
Stebbins, Hardy
Stockbarger, Margaret
Sweitzer, James
Van Tillbury, Rex
Van Tillbury, Zena
Van Winkle, Charles
Woodward, Logan
Zarniger, Margaret

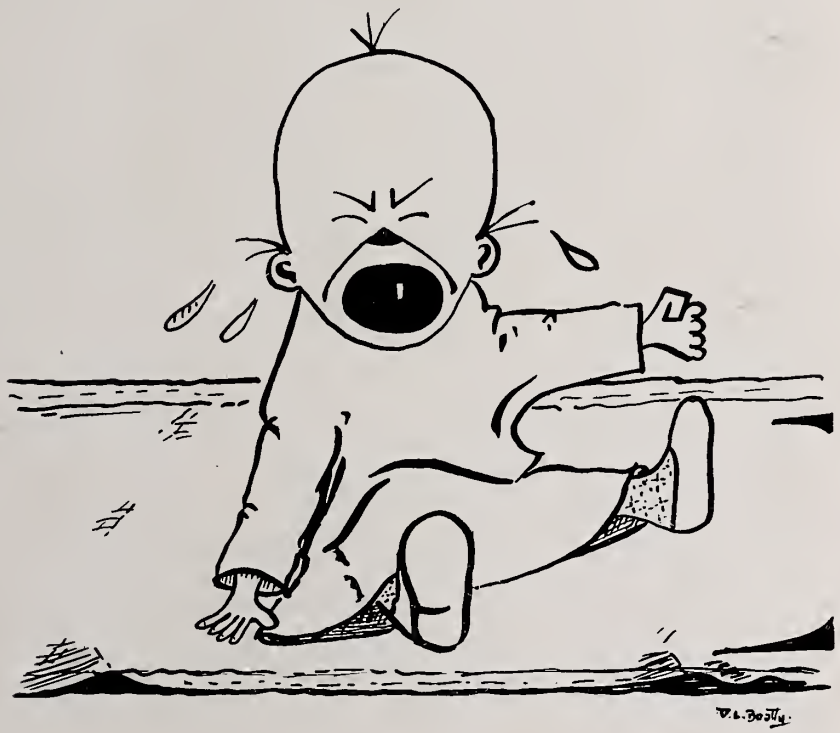
CLASS OF '16

TOP ROW—George Eberhart, Pierce Ormond, Leonard Jaqua, James Sweitzer, Russel Jaqua, Logan Woodward, Jack Burnett, Rex Van Tilbury, Hardy Stebbins, Welcome Hunt, Wesley Mumby, Charles Goethals, Merlin Beberich, Herman McCreary, Oscar Peterson.

MIDDLE ROW—Lisle McNabb, Donald Bolinger, Irwin Linsenmier, Eleanor Mecklenburg, Dema Leopold, Zena Van Tilbury, Doris Schultz, Margaret Zoniger, Margaret Stockberger, Anna Krell, Frances Warner, Lucile Burkhart, Hilda Belse, Sylvia Lee, Pearl Jordon, Marie Buckel.

BOTTOM ROW—Mae Pancake, Nellie Shaw, Helen Distler, Emma Schmidt, D. J. Graham, Dorothy Mix, Harry Eager, Josephine Ahara, Logan Emerson, Laura Engers, Ruth Battles, Grace Spangler, Lillie Tuller, Lois Garvin, Elsie Mumby.

FRESHMEN



Class of '17

President.....William McKnight
Vice-President.....Margaret Barber
Secretary.....Ella Baldwin
Treasuer.....Ermal Bortner
Sergant-at-Arms.....Wallace McIntosh

Colors:—Purple and Gold

Flower:—Violet

CLASS MEMBERS

Walter Barkey
Ethel Brode
Viola Byam
Charles Engers
Wilbur Gartner
Raymond Hass
Calvin Hunsberger
Sarah Lidecker
George Miller
Thomas Pressler
Gladys Shirkey
Arthur Snyder
Ellen Studley
Ward Curtis
Gladys Ainlay
Harold Brundydge
Mary Eager
Florence Huntsinger
Wallace McIntosh
Ralph Rohleder
Opal Booher
Theresa Burkhart
Mabel Cocanower
Esther Fahnestock
Ruth Gates
Bernadette Hunerskopf
Joseph Jontz
Ruth Lutes
Martha Neiswonger
Irene Saltsgiver
Lora Simms
Albert Stanley
Hugh Van Skyhawk
Roger Williams
Ella Baldwin
Clara Bumiller
Aline Fisher
Viola Lambert
Llewellyn S. Maurer
Lillian Schwartz
Ermal Bortner
Florence Burnett
Maurice DeCrane
John Fite
Rose Gaylor
Arthur Hunt
Juanita Kittredge
Robert Meckelnburg
Roy Parrish
Hurland Shirk
Maurine Willett
Mary Stearns
Mary Waidner
Wilma Zimmerman
Margaret Barber
Earl Chrisman
Myrna Holmes
William McKnight
Rockford Robbins
Mildred White

CLASS OF '17

TOP ROW—Hurland Shirk, Maurice DeCraine, Ward Curtis, John Fite, Llewllyn Maurer, Wallice McIntosh, William McKnight, Robert Meckelnburg, Earl Crisman, Ralph Rholeder.

THIRD ROW—Calvin Huntsburger, Ella Baldwin, Mary Sterns, Florence Huntsinger, Myrna Holmes, Ellen Studley, Clara Bumiller, Mary Eager, Aline Fisher, Harold Brundydage.

SECOND ROW—Albert Stanley, Gladys Ainlay, Viola Lambert, Lilliam Swartz, Sarah Lidecker, Ruth Gates, Florence Burnett, Mildred White, Ruth Lutes, Maurine Willett, Gladys Shirkey.

BOTTOM ROW—Irene Saltsgiver, Viola Byam, Theresa Burkhart, Wilma Zimmerman, Mary Waidner, Martha Neiswonger, Rose Gaylor, Bernadette Hunerskopf.

Our Freshmen

ABOUT the most important date in the memories of our young class is that of September 8, 1913, when forty-two freshies arrived, the last section to the class of '17. They not only received the usual welcoming accorded to Freshmen, but in addition were treated to an automobile ride into the far off country which they will never forget. The ride was complimentary from the upper classmen who provided their own cars. The freshies, however were obliged to use the gum shoe method for the return.

The class of 1917 did not organize until September owing to the fact that the last half of the class did not enter the High School until that month. An organization was effected on September 10, at a meeting called for that purpose when sixty-three freshmen responded.

One of the most successful social events of the school year was a freshmen party given December 19.

The class did not gain much reputation along athletic lines, but it made a star strike when it made the sophomores hustle to win the Inter-class soccer game by a score of 2 to 1. The score was kept a tie until within five minutes of the close of the game and the class team had the sophomores guessing.

Half of the class of 1918 arrived February 26, seventeen in number. This number is considered very small, but one cannot judge by the number, and they *may* make up in quality what they lack in quantity.

As the school year comes to a close this article would be incomplete without some mention of appreciation of the faculty. They have done their best and have borne with our class with patience and forbearance. Would that the class of '17 had done its whole duty as they have done theirs.

Class of '18

TOP ROW—James Beard, Theodore Schnabel, Charles Waidner, Russel Bryan, Herbert Voelkert, James Boles.

BOTTOM ROW—Mildred Todd, Martha Niles, Mary Knoblock, Ruth Watson, Marjorie Folker, Mae Williams, Mildred Annis, Ossie Nifong, Clara Masters.

CLASS MEMBERS

Mildred Annis
James Beard
James Boles
Russell Bryan
Frances Cheney
Marjorie Folker
Mary Knoblock
Clara Masters
Ossie Nifong
Martha Niles
Edgar Obenchain
Theodore Schnabel
Mildred Todd
Ruth Watson
Charles Waidner
Herbert Voelkert
Mae Williams

IN MEMORIAM

Prof. Lee E. Foster

Born, March 21, 1881
Died, February 23, 1914

ALUMNI

A Commencement of Long Ago

JUST thirty five years ago there was turned out from the Mishawaka High School the smallest class that has ever graduated from that institution, the class consisting of one member, the writer of this article.

The Commencement Exercises were held in the old Burt Opera House, the hall being crowded to its fullest capacity. There was first a program given by the High School, followed by the graduating essay, and for twenty-five minutes that crowded audience listened patiently to what a seventeen year old girl knew about "The Wide, Wide World." The subject was a big one, and the essay included everything from the astronomical location and geological formation of the Earth to the characteristics of the races who inhabit it. The knowledge contained therein must all have been gained from books as the author's travels at that time had been somewhat limited, extending probably from Osceola on the east to South Bend on the west. The lack of experience, however, was a matter of minor importance.

The exercises closed with the awarding of the diploma, which was signed by Elliot Whipple, Superintendent, and Allyn B. Lamport, J. W. Manwaring and A. J. Pettit, members of the school board. This was of course the crowning reward of the years of hard work, won then, as now, after many trials and tribulations; but with a distance of three thousand miles and a period of thirty-five years intervening there is left only the sweet memories of many dear friends among teachers and school mates, many of whom are scattered over "The Wide, Wide World."

Jennie Byrkit Uhler.

1878

During school days what life long comradeships are formed, and influences brought to bear, the strength of which cannot then be fully realized. How truly Whittier wrote "God gives the wishes of our youth, but in his own best way."

The first commencement of our High School, held in Whitson Hall, was such a departure from the ordinary tide of events that it attracted the attention of many admiring friends and was made much of.

Many changes have come with the passing years, yet it is a satisfaction always to recall old time friendships and school experiences, and they continue to be the source of most pleasant memories.

Mary A. Studebaker.

1887

There were no Domestic Science classes in 1887, as now, but our girls took naturally to the art, as attested by "exhibits" at some of our class meetings.

There were no Manual Training classes, but our boys sawed more wood, I believe, than the chaps of "14" do. It is over a quarter of a century now; death has dealt fairly lightly with our group, but we are somewhat scattered. However, can doubtless be counted upon for support in anything that means general uplift in the community in which he lives—this is characteristic of High School graduates, and that is why we all like to see so many of them coming on, and wish for more.

E. G. Eberhart.

1898

We are glad for having had the privilege of attending a school which not only reverenced the Bible, but was generous enough to sanction its reading. The Devotional Excerises generally led by Miss Welsh, at the opening of the day's work, add pleasant memories, and we regret very much that our children are not accorded the same uplifting influences.

Wilson Borst.

1906

We believe that we can claim for 1906 class that they were a class of fairly industrious students. Therefore, we all grew while in M. H. S. We have pleasant memories of Miss Abbey's Chemistry and Physics classes, of Miss Simpson's Caesar Class, and last but not least pleasant of Miss Welch's Civics class.

When we were in Mishawaka High School we considered the rainy days to be fairly frequent, but "all old times are good times" and we trust that now with all of us recollections of M. H. S. are pleasant recollections.

Jerry H. Service, Jr.

NORTHEAST CORNER OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE ROOM

NORTHWEST CORNER OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE ROOM

SOCIETY

Society

I. On September twenty-sixth the girls, having lost the Athletic Association membership contest, entertained the boys at a party in the High School Auditorium.

Those, who did not dance, were entertained by some of the boys, who sang all the songs which the pianist played. The chief event of the evening came at ten o'clock, at which time refreshments were served.

II. A very successful entertainment was given October tenth by the members of the Junior Class. Miss Ruby Turner, a splendid reader rendered Zangwill's "Melting Pot." This entertainment was largely attended, and a neat sum was made by the Juniors.

III. On December 17, Social Club gave its annual Christmas Party. At the request of the committee in charge, Santa Claus appeared and distributed gifts. Only one mistake was made, and that was in the case of Mr. Brown, who for months, had asked Santa for an automobile, and who was disappointed in receiving only a miniature "Ford."

IV. The Freshmen party December 19, was certainly a fine entertainment —for Freshmen to give! It was held in the auditorium which was tastefully decorated in the class colors, purple and gold.

Those who did not dance, played the *new* game of Ping Pong. At last, we were called down stairs, to the "eats," which consisted of purple ice-cream and wafers. Some of the upper classmen were suspicious of the ice-cream, thinking it was a plot against their lives; therefore they did not eat their accustomed amount —much to the delight of the Freshmen!

V. The Class of '15 M. H. S. gave a supper in honor of Washington's birthday. The crowd exceeded all their expectations, and they had to turn many away. The next morning a small crowd of enthusiastic Juniors came to clean up. What they saw was:——

"Dishes, dishes, everywhere, piled on the kitchen tables. Dishes, dishes, everywhere, and pots and pans and ladles."

VI. A "Box of Monkeys" was let loose in the High School Auditorium March the third. The cast was as follows:—

Edward Ralston.....D. J. Graham
Chauncey Oglethorpe.....Walter Crumley
Mrs. Ondego Jhones.....Harold Easterday
Sierra Bengaline.....Donald McCollum
Lady Genevieve Llandpoore.....Lester Lott

Because of its great success it was repeated March 7.

VII. On March 17, the Sophomores showed their originality, in giving a Box Social, which was well attended. For the entertainment of the spectators, a series of tableaus was given, accompanied by a group of singers, who for a time made the air blue with their melody.

Dancing and refreshments were enjoyed. We wonder if some of the boys really appreciated their repast, or whether they were lamenting over the loss of money, which they paid for the boxes.

VIII. On March 24, under the auspices of the Junior Class, Mr. Harlan gave a very interesting entertainment, to the few people who came to hear him. The school did not give the Juniors their support in this undertaking and the school spirit which is usually shown at all High School entertainments was noticeably lacking.

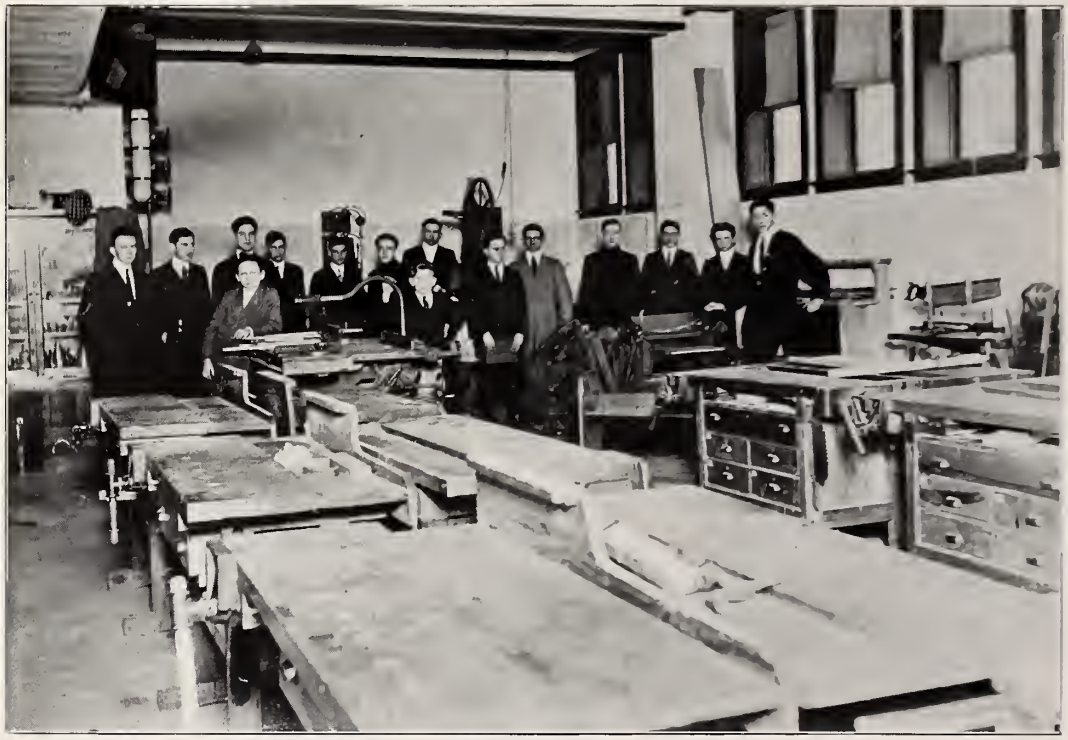
As a result of this the Junior Class lost———O, well, why repeat it!!

Big "M" Circus

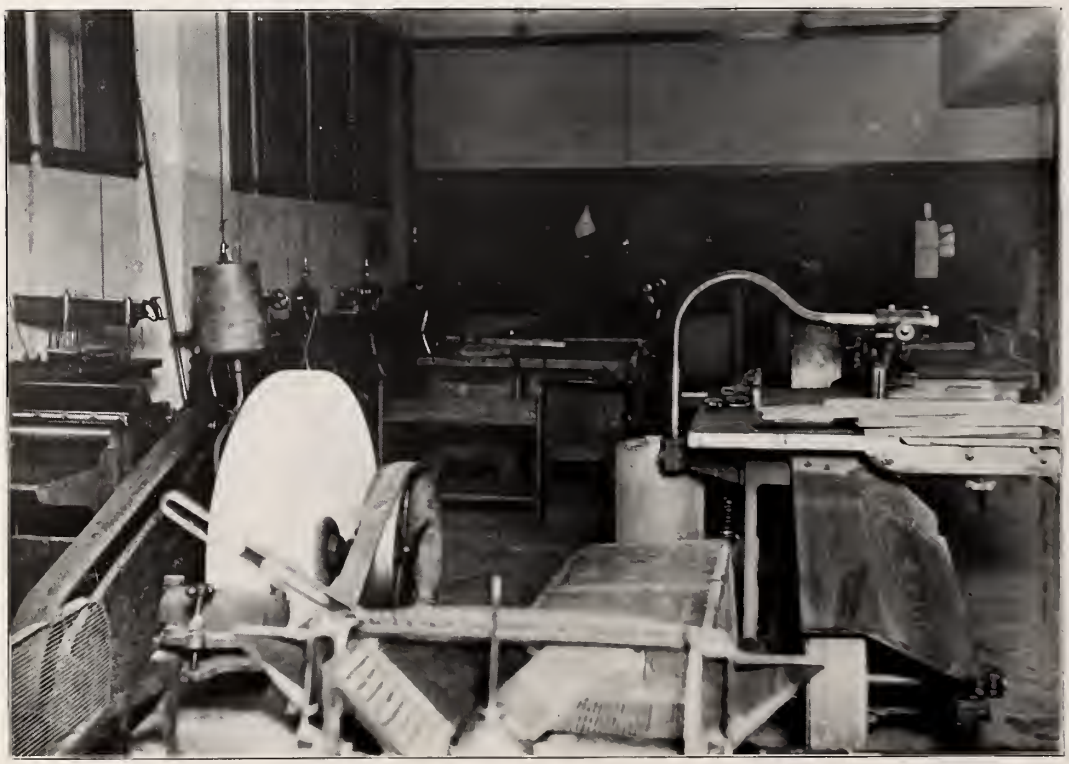
The Big "M" Circus arrived in Mishawaka May 1, 1914. The big parade which was scheduled for twelve o'clock, of course, was one-half hour late. There were clowns, suffragettes, bears, well everything that goes to make up a first class circus; and even a calliope.

That night the halls of M. H. S. were crowded. Everyone was calling for more pink lemonade and peanuts. The police court did a rushing business as well as the side shows.

M. H. S. is much indebted to Miss Kern, who made this circus a roaring success.



LOOKING EAST IN MANUAL TRAINING ROOM



LOOKING WEST IN MANUAL TRAINING ROOM

Sparks from the Commercial Department Wires

The commercial world is starving for high-class material.—Marshall Field.

One-third of the pupils in the New York City High Schools are in the commercial work.

The Cincinnati Enquirer refers to Alonzo Stagg as Alonzo Hagg. So much for the man whose writing makes "St" look "H." Of course, not all the printers play football, nor do they all know about Stagg.

Wisconsin Editor's Joke:—"It is hoped the teachers do not train the children to write too well, as they would be regarded as eccentric when they get to college."—Green Bay (Wis.) Gazette.

The demand for men of brains and capacity is far greater than the supply. The man with the practical education is given the preference.—James J. Hill.

I luv the rooster for two things: for the crow that iz in him and for the spurs that are on him to back up the crow.—Josh Billings.

The University of California added a shorthand department this year.

If a man in my employ can't spell correctly, write grammatically, and word his letters intelligently and effectively, I discharge him at once.—M. G. Atkinson, Mgr. Washburn-Crosby Milling Co.

Our employers do not decide whether we shall stay where we are or go on and up; we decide that matter for ourselves.—Hamilton Wright Mabil.

Luck means rising at six o'clock in the morning; living on a dollar a day if you earn two; minding your own business and not meddling with other people's. —Max O'Rell.

N. W. (in Coml. Law): "Can a girl under age sue for a breach of promise?"

Teacher: "We will wait until we come to that part of the book unless you are in a hurry to find out."—Boone (Iowa) High School Com. Enterprise.

We are told it took Gray seven years to write his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." If he had known Stenography he could have done it in seven minutes.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

903 High Schools in this country teach Gregg Shorthand. We are one of the 903.

Charles Dickens wrote Shorthand.

President Wilson writes shorthand and operates a typewriter.

A Prize Phonetic Story:—The following "phonetic story" won first prize in a contest conducted by a newspaper in England:

The Three Gamblers:—"Three boys, Dunn, Wunn and Nunn, ostensibly correcting sums under the master's eye, in reality tossing for pennies, of which Dunn has one, Wunn has two, and Nunn has won one.

"I'm done," sighs Dunn.

"Why, you've won," says Wunn.

"Then I've won," says Nunn.

"Times up," roars the master; "who has done?"

"Nunn has. Dunn has done one, Wunn has done none. Wunn none, so Nunn has won and done Dunn and Wunn."

MUSIC

Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of ardor, and leads to all that is good, just and beautfiul.—Plato.

The department of music is a new thing in M. H. S. this being its first year. The course consists of musical history, elementary harmony, music appreciation, and chorus work. A forty minute period each day is devoted to it and it is accredited the same as other studies.

The chorus meets once a week on Fridays. It has about fifty members and has done some splendid work.

Our work in musical history has been a study of the advancement of the art of music from pre-historic man to the present day; and the study of the great, and near great composers. Their lives, works, what they have done for the art of music, and their position in the musical world.

Through the work in musical appreciation we have learned to enjoy and to better understand the great masters and their music. The Victrola is used in this part of the work.

Altogether the music department is one of the most interesting and successful of the courses and bids fair to the achievement of great things.

LITERARY

The Tale of a Donkey

THE day was fair, and though the same adjective would hardly apply to Mrs. McCune, yet she was well satisfied with herself, for her cart was full of the finest apples, which she had carefully saved till the present rise in November prices. She meant to sell them in a nearby town, feeling sure they would go like hot cakes, as soon as the slow pace of Tim, her donkey, would carry them so far.

The thoughts of Tim were long, long thoughts, nearly as long as his ears. He was so absorbed in them that the tooting of an auto's fore wheels struck the apple cart, knocking the whole outfit aside like a feather, and spilling the apples on the roadway.

Mr. Beverly Dunn, who had been scorching most illegally, would never have paused to investigate, had not one rosy-cheeked apple spun into the auto's gear, bringing the machine to a sudden halt.

Mrs. McCune bombarded the auto-owner with shrill complaints.

"Oh and its ruined, I am! Ain't ye goin' to pay me for thim apples an' for the damage ye done me cart an' fambly?"

"Family, madam, family! You've no family here," retorted Mr. Dunn.

"Sure, faith, an' Tims all the fambly I got, and judgn' by app'arances he's a more paceful baste thin yerself, sir. How you've hurt his idies in commotion most scandalous, and he'll be bewilderance not to say sulky, fer a whole week.

Many folks' feelin's is very delicate. What's that? Foive dollars fer thim apples! Thafe o' the worruld!"

Meantime the chauffer had been fixing the auto.

"Get in," shouted his master to him, ignoring the widow, "We'll catch 'em yet! They must have gone to Davis Station."

The auto crossed the bridge and disappeared in the distance.

"Thafe o' the worruld!" muttered Mrs. McCune. "Only foive dollars an' him a rowlin' in money. Bad 'cess to him! Tim don't be shy with me. 'Twas partly your fault after all."

What happened immediately after was certainly Tim's fault. Hearing another auto coming, he plunged foreward finishing his wild career in the ditch, the cart sticking fast in the mud.

His mistress hurled forcible adjectives at the couple in the runabout. But the auto had stopped and the young lady was saying:

"We didn't mean to hurt you. Here's twenty-five dollars; won't that help? And Reggie is helping your donkey out of the ditch."

"'Tis a foine lady yez are," said Mrs. McCune, "not like that fat auld spalpeen in the Rid Divil what knocked us over before."

"Red Devil—fat old spalpeen! Oh! could she mean papa, Reggie?"

"Was he about fifty, bald headed, black clothes, light overcoat, small green eyes, machine driven by a Frenchman?" asked the breathless Reggie, who had just come up after getting the donkey on his feet again. "But how could you see him when he went by?"

"He stopped to fix somethin'," said she. "That's your man. 'Tis running' away I belave yez are, for he said, 'We'll ketch 'em yet! They've gone to Davis Station.'"

The girl's head drooped. "Yes we're running away to get married," she said. "He's headed us off. Oh! What can we do?"

"Back!" said the old woman briskly, "back till ye can be a takin' the first right hand road. Ye can turn there. It'll kerry ye to Mayville, tin miles away."

"Look! There's his car on the hilltop. He's coming back! Oh! Let's hurry Reggie," cried the girl in terror. They sprang in, the young man leaned foreward, grasped the lever, and they disappeared up the road.

"Come, Tim, come along on to the bridge, so I can gather up what's left of me Baldwins. Come on wid ye! Come on." repeated Mrs. McCune to the donkey.

Tim moved foreward sulkily. He did not trust the bridge, for it was under repair, only one narrow side of it, just wide enough for a wagon, being available. But finally finding it safe, Tim walked to the center, and waited there for Mrs. McCune to pick up a few usable apples.

Meanwhile the red auto had reached the bridge. It was the same chauffeur who had collided with the meditative Tim. The chauffer under a well assumed sullen indifference, recognized the outfit.

"Here's that infernal donkey again," muttered Mr. Dunn, as his machine, its wheels barely on the bridge, was forced to stop.

"Here woman," he cried indignantly, "take that animal off from there at once—back him off from there, and be quick about it, too! Understand?"

Mrs. McCune put down her basket, pushed back her bonnet, and placing her arms akimbo regarded Mr. Dunn with a twinkle in her eye.

"Who wadn't be plazed to sa' sich a swate spoken gintelman as yerself?" said she. "But whin ye knocked Tim winded awhile back, ye spiled one of his hind legs. He used to be able to go backward, which makes it turrible akward fer me.

"Then we will have to back off so you can drive him across. But, say, have you seen a runabout with two young people in it? Which way did they go?"

"Sure, thing, an' it's me that knows their distination, an' it's me as must have twenty dollars as fer sich information as I'll be a' givin' ye."

"Twenty dollars! You're a black mailer!" snapped Mr. Dunn, "but there, take it; now where have they gone?"

"Sure, to Mayville—an' to be ketchin' 'em you must be hurryen."

"Then get your donkey off the bridge," yelled Mr. Dunn.

The widow gave away to an apparently genuine burst of grief.

"It's bruk somethin' inside o' him yez have!" she shouted.

"Now he'll niver be able to go at all. An' the langwidge the innocent ears of him is hearin'. Will I drive him? I will not. He can't move, he's that flustered."

"Nevais can I impress him," cried Pierre, the chauffeur.

Thoroughly disgusted and exasperated, he got in and backed the auto on the bridge. But before Tim could be attached to the car and pulled off, as Pierre intended to do, he hastily backed off. Then they turned the car around again, while Tim stood meekly watching the car pass him.

Free at last, master and man shot up the road at a frantic speed, arriving just in time to see the train and run-aways disappearing from Mayville.

As for Tim, he went peacefully homeward, carrying his mistress, and his thoughts were long, long thoughts nearly as long as his ears.

Lyndell Martling '15.

When They Study Together

"OH, CLARA, I'm so glad you asked me to come down tonight and study 'Caesar'! You know, I always accomplish so much *more* when I study with some one, than when I try to get it alone!"

"So, do I 'Lindy; let's see, where do we begin—I know—Chapter thirty. It starts with 'the war of the Helvetii over';—say didn't Donald McCollum make the dearest girl!"

"Yes, and Lester Lott looked just like 'Nookie Welch."

"I thought so to, but say, we just *have* to get this 'Caesar!' What *does* 'exirent' mean, anyhow? O, I know, 'go' doesn't it?"

"Shure, that fits in, 'they would go in our province and,—and,——!' Say the funniest thing happened in Physiology today; Miss Kern got off the subject, and started to talk about stars etc. She saw that 'Bob' Easterday wasn't paying any attention to *her,* so she asked him, What he looked at when he went walking on a moonlight night? 'Bob' said promptly, 'Why the girl beside me of course.'

After giggling over that for about five minutes, they at last settled down to work, and, after a *long* unbroken silence for two minutes, Lyndell inquired, "Have you your theme for tomorrow?"

"No, and I can't think of anything to write about. Have you seen 'Puggy's?"

"Yes, isn't it a *peach,* I like the way she tells about Eagers star playing. My, (long sigh) I wish we had won that South Bend game!"

"Cheer up," chirped Clara, "We may beat them next year. Accidents *do* happen, you know."

The clock in the next room suddenly struck nine.

Lyndell jumped up and hastily gathered up her books. "Well I've got to go, and I've had a perfectly splendid time. I just *love* to *study* with you."

"Let me see," said Clara thoughtfully, "From seven o'clock until nine, is two hours. My! I hope Miss Welch asks us how long we studied our 'Caesar,' don't you?"

Florence Sytz, '15.

Elevators Versus Time

AS it was, I would certainly be five minutes late. The big clock in the Lexington Tea room had chimed two fifteen minutes ago, and I had agreed to meet Mr. Wilcox on the ground floor at precisely ten minutes past two. We had thought that twenty minutes would be time enough, in which to reach the theatre for the matinee. But I had met so many acquaintances in the morning while shopping, and they had all seemed so inclined to stop and talk awhile, that I had been late in reaching the tea rooms. Then the waitresses had tried my patience nearly to the breaking point, by taking all the possible time in filling my order.

When the tray finally arrived, I had fairly to hold myself in check, so that, in my haste, I might not really seem to shovel that luncheon down. I didn't wait for dessert.

As I hastened out of the room, drawing on my gloves as I went, I almost bumped into an old college friend. It would never do to hurry on; I must stop and talk,—but why do so many friends appear, when one is in such a hurry! However, after greeting her effusively, explaining my predicament, and arranging to meet her on the following afternoon, I hurried on.

As I approached the elevator, I fairly rushed for the bell, and gave it such a push, that the halls and corridors loudly echoed. In my haste, I failed to notice a small sign informing the public that the elevators were out of working order. I pushed the button again,—not quite so vigorously as before,—and then,—just as I finished reading the notice, the door of an office opened, and a young man stepped out, looked inquiringly through his glasses, first at me and then at the notice, and informed me that the elevator wasn't running today, and that I should use the emergency elevator on the other side of the building. Well,—I never felt so foolish and chagrined in all my life,—and I felt so indignant toward him, and so angry at myself, that I almost neglected to thank him.

As I rushed to the other side of the building, my anger had a chance to cool, and I thought of poor Mr. Wilcox waiting impatiently on the main floor. If he had been an old friend, it might have been different, but since our acquaintance was somewhat limited, the delay was almost unpardonable.

When I had reached the emergency elevator, which runs automatically,—I took time to read the instructions carefully. I then cautiously pushed the button, and immediately, a small elevator shot up to the floor. I stepped in, fearfully pushed the button and began to descend rapidly. I had almost reached the main floor, when all of a sudden, the elevator began to go up,—I was so astonished that I couldn't move at first. Then I began to wonder if I had touched something,

and I began to look around. I was still looking, frantically, when the elevator stopped at the sixth floor. A very tall, very thin, very cross-looking old lady appeared in the doorway. She looked me over very deliberately, glanced up and down the halls and corridors, readjusted her glasses, and inquired if I were the elevator boy! I informed her that I was not,—but, assuming more confidence than I really felt, I assured her that I could operate this one,—anything to make her hustle a little bit. She stepped gingerly into the cage, which was scarcely big enough for two, and we descended rapidly.

As we passed the fifth floor, I noticed an exceedingly fleshy man approaching. My apprehensions were aroused immediately. I felt almost like confiding my fears to that tall, cold, precise, piece of humanity who was in that little space with me, —but I didn't quite dare. Besides that man might not have been approaching the elevator,—and if he had,—we might reach the first floor before he reached the elevator.—However, my worst fears were soon realized,—for when we had almost reached the first floor, and I had squeezed out from behind the tall woman,—we suddenly went up again. Goodness, I can feel her icy long fingers on my neck yet, for this calm, indifferent "ice-berg" had grasped the back of my neck,— frantically seeking an explanation from me. "Never mind, madam," I calmly assured her, "The gentleman on the fifth floor has merely pushed the button."

The heavy set man,—you might almost call him corpulent,—gazed timorously into the interior of the cage,—inspected us carefully, measured the space, and with a wistful glance backward finally decided to try it. I almost expected the elevator to drop like a rock the instant he set foot inside it. It didn't —but we were squeezed in rather uncomfortably tight. This time, we really reached the bottom, but it took the fat man and the tall lady such a longtime to get out that I had fears of a shooting up to the top of the building again.

Just as I stepped out, Mr. Wilcox hurried in from outside, and began to make profuse apologies for being late,—I excused him readily,—for I could appreciate how he felt,—and to reassure him completely, I related how my funny experiences had made me late too.

We were ushered to our seats in the theatre just as the curtain arose on the first act.

Dorthy Baker '14

That Automobile

I am a high-priced motor-car, I don't care, reader, who you are,
I'll sing to you my woeful song, before my chauffeur comes along.
I come, you see, from gay Paree, where the best of motor cars you'll see,
My chauffeur says that I'm a fake, a huge mechanical mistake,
And that there are more twists and quirks, in my most complicated works
Than any man has ever seen, beneath the hood of one machine.
Here comes the villain, jumping in, he takes me for a little spin,
I'm loaded up with girls and lunch, till my poor spine is heard to crunch.

I'm passing through the country now, I'm on the look-out for a cow,
Or chicken, pig, or dog to clip, and send upon an aerial trip.
Ah! Heres the very thing I'd choose, I'm headed right toward a goose!
Such a disgrace! It has a cinch, and yet I missed him half an inch!
Why, yesterday I hung a cow, upon a waxing hickory bough,
I killed four chickens, struck a calf and cut a turkey right in half,
But now I'd miss a house—it's clear, there's something loose in my steering gear.

I seem to run so well today, my wheels just spin and spin away,
Without a hitch or stop, or jar, I surely am a perfect car.—
But in my tank of gasoline, falls a drop of yellow cream.
That bottle they brought along for lunch, must be upset—I've got a hunch
That if that cream and gasoline get mixed in me—Oh Josephine!
My valves and pipes will be a sight to fill repair-men with delight.

This seems a pleasant place to stop. Now Mr. Chauffeur you may hop,
Down off your perch and spit in French, and slam me with a monkey wrench.
My carburetor is a mess to tease your boasted cleverness.
I'm done with labor for today, I hate the habit anyway,
Phone in and tell 'em that we're stuck, ten miles from town and bless the luck!

I'm slandered, cussed, and much reviled, I drive my chauffeur nearly wild,
Sometimes he swears and says "Oh Lord! I'll sell this thing and buy a Ford!"
But think, my friend, whoe'er you are, I'm a high-priced Paris motor car.

Ralph Hutchinson '14

A Sudden Calamity

I WAS in the best of spirits when I entered the Domestic Science room, one bright afternoon. Miss Simpson greeted us with a glad, "How-do-you-do girls."

We all started to work with an air of importance I never in the least supposed at any moment the world might all go wrong. Miss Simpson was on the other side of the room directing one of the girls. Knowing my lesson was soon to follow, I went to the cupboard for a cup. How it happened I never can tell, but the cup left my hand, and making a rapid decent through space, it lay in a dozen fragments on the floor.

My temperature fell to ten degrees below zero. Each of the dozen pieces seemed to be marked, "Ten per cent off." They all began to dance and whirl, then shriek out, "Ten per cent off for careless girls.

Miss Simpson had just discovered that Myrna Holmes had an extra good "do" on her soup, and fortunately for me the attention of teacher and all the class was turned in that direction.

With cold fingers I picked up that dozen, "Ten per cent offs." I had often seen my mother dispose of broken dishes, and how I longed for those good old days. I would have given worlds to have been taught to cook in my mother's kitchen, instead of taking a Domestic Science course in the public school.

But what to do with that shattered cup, was certainly a problem. Myrna's soup wouldn't need the attention of the class and the teacher much longer. I was in danger of being discovered at any moment.

I hurriedly put the pieces in my pocket. Five minutes later when I removed my handkerchief from my pocket, a tiny, "Ten per cent off," came out and rattled upon the floor. I have never heard such a loud noise from such a small cause. Luckily for me no one seemed to have heard it.

What was I to do? I could not leave them in my pocket. I looked speculatively at the waste basket, but instantly remembered however, that Miss Simpson periodically examines its contents, to see if any of her missing china is there. The end of the class period came centuries after it was supposed to.

I started for the assembly for the five minute intermission. On the way I met Lewis Lang and D. J. Graham heatedly discussing the plan of the removal of the school Library from the Assembly room. Unobserved I slipped the pieces into D. J's. pocket. By the time the class met again I had almost persuaded myself I was through with that awful cup. Just as school was dismissed, D. J. went to the desk to speak to Miss Hockett, at the same time pulling out his gloves. Then Oh!—?, that terrible cup came showering down. Miss Hockett's face was a question, but D. J's. face was not the answer.

I have heard D. J. is vowing revenge on every student in Domestic Science. I don't want to lose ten per cent, and I don't want to tell a falsehood. So I just keep still. I can't sleep nights, and I have no appetite. I don't know how it is going to end.

Gladys Shirkey, '17.

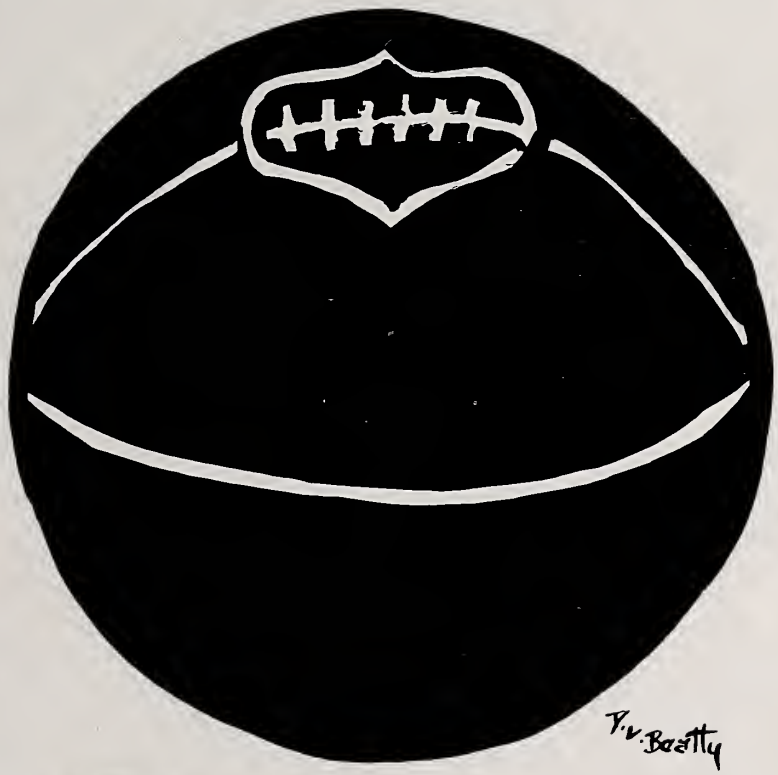
ATHLETICS

Leaders

IT seems that in the years gone by, not enough has been said about the valiant captains who lead the various teams through many victories. The Mishawaka captain is a man who not only excells in his branch of Athletics, but is a leader in other activities in school life. Ray Russ the Basket Ball captain was a hard worker for the school and his team, and the same can be said of Fred Seifert and Dempster Beatty in Baseball and Track respectively.

As these captains give up their duties to their successors, we feel sure that their best wishes are still with the school. Lovell, our yell leader, used his ability to round up enthusiasm, which aided the teams in all games. And it is largely due to his efforts that Mishawaka has earned the reputation, among Northern Indiana High Schools, of supporting the athletics better than any school in this part of the State.

BASKET



BALL

Our Basket Ball Team '13-'14

ON the first of November the basket ball call was issued by Coaches Horton and Hindelang. A crowd of forty was present at the first practice and using Eager, Giel and Capt. Russ as a nucleus, a fast team was developed.

Capt. Russ, as guard, distinguished himself in every game by his fighting and dodging qualities. In playing back guard Rusty had little chance to shine on the offense, but took his measure of credit for breaking up plays.

Eager was the real sensation of the year; though only a sophomore he starred more on the offense than anyone on the team. Playing center he was never outplayed or outjumped.

Giel may well be called the brains of the team. He was always over the floor passing the ball to his mates, never taking a chance at the basket when some other player was closer.

Rustie's side partner is Bussert, a big fellow but not a bit slow on this account. The rougher the game, well, the better Buzz liked it, which all goes to show that he is some fighter.

The man who works with Giel is Tramer. A fast man and dead shot, Baldy seldom failed to make his guard look foolish.

Seifert, though small, was fast and an accurate shot. Playing always against larger men he got away with a lot of passing and baskets. Si made a good substitute and next year ought to be a first class forward.

Studley was a fast player of Eager's type but lacked experience. His tallness and fighting qualtities, however, made him a valuable susbtitute.

Kohler completed the squad. Shorty and Bussert put up a pretty fight for right guard, and it was not until the last few weeks that the best of the two was brought out.'

It would not be right to close and say nothing about the second team which worked so valiantly to make the first team what it was. Perhaps Captain Branstrater was the hardest worker, and never was there a practice when he did not have his best ready to do their duty for the school.

M. H. S. 21; PLYMOUTH 16

Dec. 5. Mishawaka started the season with a victory. The fast Plymouth five was sent home consoling themselves with the small end of a 21 to 16 score. The game was fast through out; the close guarding on both sides proved the feature of the tilt. For a few minutes things did not look very promising for the locals but finally Eager caged the first goal of the year a difficult one from the corner. Eager carried away honors with Tramer running him a close second.

M. H. S. 26; SOUTH BEND 33

Dec. 20. The M. H. S. team journeyed to South Bend and were defeated in a matinee game 33 to 26. It was a hard fight and no body's game until the final minutes of play when through the efforts of Allen, the S. B. captain, the Benders took the lead holding it to the end.

M. H. S. 54; MICHIGAN CITY 4

Jan. 9. The old "Maroon and White" aggregation of basket shooters decisively defeated the M. C. five 54 to 4. Eager started for M. H. S. with 13 baskets to his credit.

M. H. S. 17; PLYMOUTH 18

Jan. 16. Plymouth managed to secure a victory over Mishawaka 18 to 17. The slippery floor proved too much of a handicap to overcome despite the efforts of the whole team.

M. H. S. 23; ROCHESTER 19

Jan. 23. Rochester was defeated in a rough game 23 to 19. The locals put up a loose exhibition of basket ball, Eager being the high scorer of the evening.

M. H. S. 34; NAPPANEE 28

Jan. 30. Mishawaka invaded the Nappanee camp and returned victors by the tune of 34 to 28. The down staters led at the end of the first half but could not hold the M. H. S. forwards the second. Eager led the offense with 5 baskets, Giel and Seifert were right behind the big boy with 4 ringers apiece.

M. H. S. 26; LAPORTE 23

Feb. 6. LaPorte threw a scare into the locals by holding Mishawaka to a 26 to 23 score. The visitors seemed to be full of horse shoes, being able to cage the ball any way they threw it in the general direction of the basket.

M. H. S. 47; ELKHART 11

Feb. 13. This game proved to the rooters that Elkhart should no longer be termed dangerous. The old rivals came down with the intentions of handling the locals a drubbing. They were sent home a wiser but sadder bunch, having to be contented with the wee end of a 47 to 11 score. Tramer played a star game making a goal from the field.

M. H. S. 71; MICHIGAN CITY 17

Feb. 21. The team was in fine form at M. C., defeating the shore boys in a comparatively easy game. It was uninteresting throughout, the game ending with a score of 71 to 17. Eager and Giel were in rare form with 22 and 28 points to their credit respectively.

M. H. S. 55; GOSHEN 15

Feb. 27. Goshen proved to be "fruit" for M. H. S., the score being 55 to 15. At no time was Mishawaka pushed to land the game.

M. H. S. 19; SOUTH BEND 26

Mar. 4. In a very exciting game South Bend defeated the local quintet on their own floor 26 to 19. M. H. S. put up a splendid game and their teamwork far surpassed that shown by South Bend, but the old luck was again evident; the ball would not go through the basket. This game decided the Northern Indiana Championship, but did not keep the team from going to the State Tournament as the general feeling was that Mishawaka was not outplayed.

M. H. S. 49; GOSHEN 18

Mar. 6. Goshen was defeated 49 to 18. It was M. H. S.'s second game in three days, the outcome showing the locals to be in fine form for the Tournament the following week.

M. H. S. 21; LAPORTE 27

Mar. 18. On the Wednesday following the State Tournament Mishawaka journeyed to LaPorte and was defeated 21 to 27. As the Coach expressed it, "they could not play a good game of marbles."

M. H. S. 27; ELKHART 22

Mar. 20. Mishawaka traveled to Elkhart for the last game of the season. The M. H. S. basket tossers did not have the pep that characterized their playing early in the year which made the game a see-saw affair until the last five minutes, when Mishawaka took a spurt securing a good lead. The whole team played an excellent game, but the work of Eager and Tramer stood out more prominently than that of the others. The Elkhart crowd showed that they do not believe in good sportsmanship. Outside of that it was a fitting climax for a very successful season.

The Bloomington Tournament

The M. H. S. Team entered the State Tournament held at Bloomington under the auspices of Indiana University. The team played good ball through the tourney but were put out by New Albany after defeating Swayzee and Albion.

M. H. S. 36; SWAYZEE 15

Mar. 13. At eight o'clock in the morning Swayzee was defeated 36 to 15. Giel and Tramer played good ball, Eager being taken out at the end of the first half to be saved for harder games to come.

M. H. S. 29; ALBION 23

Mar. 13. At eight o'clock the same night Albion was defeated in a slow game 29 to 23. Tramer again played the stellar role and caused a native to say "as how he was pretty handy with his left hook."

M. H. S. 5; NEW ALBANY 13

Mar. 14. New Albany endeavored to show Mishawaka how football is so near like basketball and succeeded to the extent of ruining Tramer so that he had to be removed from the floor unconscious, and, making the rest of the team know without a doubt that they had been in a game of basket ball.

It can be said here that Mishawaka learned a good bit of the great indoor game which could never have been taught them by a coach.

STATISTICS OF TEAM MEMBERS

Name	Games Played	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Points
Eager	16½	91	3	185
Russ	16½	9	0	18
Giel	15½	47	81	175
Bussert	13½	17	0	34
Tramer	8	38	2	78
Studley	5	15	0	30
Seifert	5	16	6	38
Kohler	5	1	0	2
Total	17	234	92	560

Total Points of Opponents 329

Baseball 1914

The outlook for a crack baseball team seemed to be unusually bright after the first meeting. At this meeting Fred Seifert was elected captain and Chas. Tramer manager.

Seifert is a fast clever player with considerable experience as is the case with Tramer and Giel. These men formed the neuclus from which the fast aggregation of ball tossers was developed. Giel did most of the pitching with Berberich on the receiving end. McKnight, Captain Seifert, and Tramer composed the star infield with McIntosh, Lensinmier, and Easterday taking care of the outfield in a manner which placed them far above the average.

Following are the summaries of the first two games:—

Mishawaka	8	0	1	0	0	1	0	3	0	—13	13	2
Elkhart	4	0	1	1	0	0	2	0	0	— 8	9	4

Batteries—Giel and Berberich; McCoy and Kjrtz.

SOUTH BEND 16; MISHAWAKA 10

South Bend	0	3	2	0	2	4	3	2	*	—16	14	5
Mishawaka	0	0	5	1	0	2	0	2	0	—10	12	5

Batteries—Whiteman, Scott and Cottrell; Giel and Berberich.

TRACK

The Track Team

The outlook for a successful track team seems to be unusually bright. The school was very active last year, and with practically the same men back this year we would not be surprised if M. H. S. carried away many honors. Beatty a good short distance man, was elected captain, and together with Coach Horton, should develop a fine aggregation.

The line up for this year is as follows:

Dempster Beatty, D. J. Graham.....100 yd. and 220 yd.
Edwin Sawyer.....440 yd.
Leanord Jaqua, Rockford Robbins.....half-mile
Logan Emerson, L. S. Mauer.....mile run
Elbridge Studley.....120 and 220 hurdles and discus
Chester Bussert, Harry Pelton.....discus and shot-put

Editorial

THE prospect for the successful publication of an annual this year was indeed not a bright one. The heavy financial loss, sustained by the class which last undertook the responsibility of such a task, was a seemingly insurmountable barrier. It required the dauntless spirit of the class of nineteen fifteen to see the way through this difficulty.

In editing the annual this year, we of the staff have endeavored to put forth in this book things of interest both to those in school and to outsiders. We feel that our efforts have not been in vain considering the fact that we were entirely inexperienced. In gaining our experience we have learned this, that a staff, which works together will produce a successful book. Certainly considering its size, one could not wish for a more congenial staff. Suggestions and ideas for everything were forthcoming and no one ever shirked a duty.

We have been able to produce a good book and sell it for a reasonable amount owing to the kindness of our city business men. We hope this kindness will not be forgotten.

BIG "M" CIRCUS

Calendar 1913-1914

Sept. 8—School opens with usual good spirit.
" 16—Juniors decide to publish the "Miskodeed."
" 17—A. A. membership contest between girls and boys, begins.
" 26—Girls of A. A. entertain boys in auditorium.
Oct. 4—Junior parade, for the purpose of advertising "The Melting Pot."
" 10—The Melting Pot—is read by Miss Ruby Turner under the auspicies of the Junior Class.
" 15—First interclass soccer game; between Freshmen and Sophs. S.-2, F. -1.
" 24—First Social Club. *Some* time!
" 30—Philosophian Society gives first literary program.
Nov. 3—Seniors are afraid of being beaten at soccer, so refuse to play the Juniors.
" 5—Final Soccer game. Juniors-2, Sophs-0.
" 24—To-day the school had another spasm. The girls caused no little surprise by coming to school in one anothers dresses. In some cases it was almost impossible to recognize old acquaintances. The boys seemed to get the fever too, so exchanged coats.
" 26—Social Club.
" 27—Thanksgiving vacation of two days.

Dec. 5—Initial Basket Ball game. We win from Plymouth, M. H. S.-23, Plymouth-16.
" 11—At A. A. meeting it is decided to purchase a white sweater with a large block maroon "M" for Lovell, our yell-leader.
" 17—Social Club Xmas Party. To please the Freshmen, Santa Claus appears and distributes many toys among the *children*.
" 18—Mass meeting for South Bend game. Captain Russ:—"If you kids yell loud enough we'll win the game."
" 19—Rabbi Cronbach speaks to assembly on "Youth."
" 20—Big game pulled off at South Bend. We put up a strong fight while South Bend holds her breath. Score: S. B. -33, M. H. S.-26.
" 22—Christmas vacation.
" 26—Win tight game from "Grads." M. H. S.-13, Alumni-9. Informal dance follows, with School Board on the war-path.

1914

Jan. 5—We get back to school after a monstrous Xmas dinner, New Year's resolutions and a few sleeping days, with only fifty tardies—more or *less*!
" 9—Michigan City quintet is ousted by M. H. S.-53, Mich. C.-4. School Board is till blood thirsty. Juniors have first candy booth.
" 19—Beginning of final exams.
" 22—All exams. come to "*grand finale*." Heart failure prevalent among some of the Seniors.
" 23—Rochester Game. M. H. S.-23, R.-18. Social Club after game. School Board "smile," and decide that people have had the "Wrong impression" of High School dances.
" 26—Classification Day. Conflicts and Freshies rival.
" 27—At a Junior meeting it is decided to give a Junior Supper on Washington's birthday.
" 30—Miss Terry—"Will those who are absent please raise their hands?"
Feb. 2—Junior challenge is lost. Seniors-21, Jun.-20.
" 4—A canvass of the assembly is made and one-hundred and four new subscriptions for the "Miskodeed" are obtained.
" 6—The team wins a close game from Laporte. M. H. S.-26, L.-23.
" 12—"Staff" meeting, also a meeting of Junior supper committees.
" 18—Elkhart game. M. H. S.-49, E. H. S.-11. Miss Hockett "Broaches the subject," and a dance follows the game.
" 20—Juniors give an exceedingly successful Washington birthday supper at the Presbyterian church.
" 21—A crowd of sleepy Juniors assemble to wash dishes. Bread is used as a basket ball, and dishes are used——? (to break). B. B. game at Mich. City. M. H. S.-70, M. C. H. S.-17.
" 23—The sad news of the death of our manual training instructor is announced to the assembly.

Feb. 24—Mr. Foster's funeral is held at 2:00 o'clock, from his home.
" 27—Goshen B. B. game. Score:—M. H. S.-54, G.-14.
" 28—Sophs. have sleigh ride and marsh mallow roast at Sweitzers.
Mar. 3—The convulsive farce—A Box of Monkeys—is given, the entire cast being boys. Crumley, not used to lighting cigarettes, sets his mustache on fire, then retires behind a newspaper to adjust the remaining fuzz.
" 4—South Bend game at Mishawaka. S. B. H. S.-26, M. H. S.-19.
" 7—A Box of Monkeys—is repeated by special request.
" 10—Col. Brown lectures on "Birds" in High School Auditorium.
" 12—Basket Ball squad go to Bloomington to compete in state tournament.
" 13—M. H. S. wins first game—M. H. S.-36, Swayzee-15. Second game at eight o'clock in the evening:—M. H. S.-29, Albion-23.
" 14—Last game for our boys:—New Albany-13, M. H. S.-5.
" 16—Mr. Owen begins his duties as instructor in manual training. The three choruses for "Dolly Dimples" hold first practice.
" 17—Sophs. entertain at box social and the faculty enjoy a game of marbles.
" 20—A large number of rooters accompany the team to Elkhart for the final B. B. game. We are victorius by a score of 27 to 22.
" 24—Mr. Harlin, the entertainer, gives a program in the auditorium under the auspices of the Junior Class.
" 25—Many High students participate in "Miss Dolly Dimples" by the Y. M. C. A., for the benefit of the agriculture department.
" 27—Spring vacation of one week.
Apr. 6—School again.
" 8—Social Club; literary program, games, dancing———and eats!
" 9—Mrs. Keller speaks to assembly on "Civics Problems." Important "Staff" meeting.
" 10—A. A. meeting in assembly; a committee is appointed to plan some entertainment in order to get enough money in the treasury to purchase sweaters for the team.
" 12—Did anybody say—M-E-A-S-L-E-S-? You!!!
" 14—Mr. Moran speaks to the assembly on "The Value of the Mind and Body." Miss Kern chairman of the entertainment committee announces that the A. A. entertainment will be in the nature of a circus.
" 16—"Si" is elected captain of the Base Ball Team and Beatty captain of the Track Team.
" 18—First Base Ball game at Elkhart. M. H. S.-13, E. H. S.-8.
" 21—"Staff" meeting. The rumor is spread broadcast that Mr. Owen is married.
" 22—Rumor is certified as Owen is seen out walking—very early in the morning—with a pretty "little girl." Oh dear!!
" 23—Everybody is given three "Big M Circus" tickets to dispose of by Friday.
" 24—"Mamma! buy a ticket?"
" 25—Hey! I've just got one more ticket. Please hand over the dime and you kin have it."
" 27—Another "*Case*" of measles!

Apr. 28—What is the awful noise issuing from above? Why, that's the band practising for the circus.
" 29—Move band practice. Can we stand it one more, day?
" 30—Yes, another day has passed!——thank goodness!
May 1—Toot! Toot! Look out, there goes our parade! Whoope-e-ere!!! And the circus—bears, weenies, ten foot lady, *brass* band, n' everything else.

May 5—Hazel Johnson of '13 dies.

May 5—Mr. Ormond speaks to assembly on "Making Your Life a Circus."
" 6—At a Junior meeting it is decided to give a "hop" to the Seniors, committees are appointed. Base Ball at South Bend. S. B. H. S.-12, M. H. S.-4.
" 7—Stenytype machine demonstrated by Mr. Horn in assembly room. Of course the machine is interesting but—Mr. Horn seems to be the greater attraction.
" 8—Lake Forest Contest.
" 29—Senior Play, "She Stoops to Conquer."
June 2—Junior Hop.
" 3—Commencement. Pres. W. E. Stone of Purdue gives address.
" 5—Alumni Reception.
" 7—Bac. sermon.

CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

Jokes

W H Y ?

The Senior was born for great things
The Sophomore for small,
But no one has yet found the reason
Why the Freshmen were born at all.

Two members of M. H. S. Sociology Class (five years later).

She. (After she had seen his physician's certificate). "And will you always be my genetic and ingenic mate, sweet chromosme?"

He. (Darwiningly). "Yes, my darling little natural selection."

She. "Then you may take me as your co-operative worker in the process of evolution."

And putting on their rubber gloves, they went out hand in hand in search of a disinfected minister.

Miss Terry—"Are you girls talking again?"

D. Mix (aside) "No, Yet."

Miss Howe—"After this there is to be no more speaking in my assembly period without my permission, and you needn't ask for my permission, because I won't give it!"

John Branstrator, our class philosopher, has given us a most wonderful definition of water, Mr. B. says that water is ice gone crazy with the heat.

Dema, talking to Jim Boles, "Why, Jim Burnett—er,—oh,—ah,—I mean Jack Boles." Now we wonder just *who* she meant."

Miss Turner—What adjective would apply to Gothic architecture.

Harold E.—(promtly) "Hideous."

Miss Turner—"Who was Cleopatrea?"

Earl C. "She was the queen of Sheba, who went to see Solomon."

"Chet"

Over heard as Logan Emerson applied at the office for a tardy excuse.

Horton—"Well what were you doing Logan?" Logan—"Helping my father."

Horton—"What was your father doing?"

Logan—"Why—er—ah—er—nothing!

Minnie S. (Eng. IV) I forgot my notebook."

Miss Hockett, "No, but you shouldn't forget. If you forget now, what will you do when you get to be my age?"

Miss Turner—"What is a relief?" Bob Easterday (as gong rings) "That is a relief."

Miss Turner—"Why do high school students misspell so often?"

Lester Lott—"Probably, because they pay more attention to the miss than they do to the spell.

Mr. Brown had just spoken to a group of high school girsl in the street car.

His Mother—"What makes you look so warm?"

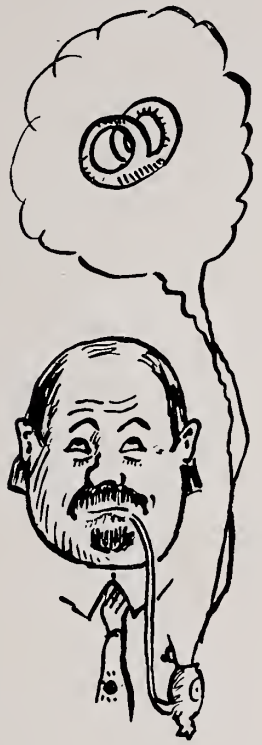
Sally—"Has Bertha taken her Ph. D.?"

Sue—"No, but she will if he proposes."

"Oh, you look sweet enough to eat!"
The doting Harry cried,
And right away I tho't it neat!
"I do eat!" Helen replied.

If it takes six years for a man with a glass eye, to walk to the sun, carrying a cheese sandwich, while two million fish jump over the Niagara Falls forty timesa week, how long will a peanut stem last in a cage of hungry monkeys if the snow is four feet deep in Florida. We give it up, leave it to Mr. Horton.

Guess Who!



"Bran"

The Physics Class just love to watch Mr. Brown "spark."

Miss Howe (III English):—"Henriette we will now have your weather forecast."

Henriette:—(reading from her paper). "It rained yesterday; warmer today."

Walter—"Great Scott! what ails that automobile? See how those wheels wobble!"

Lewis—"Looks to me like a clear case of auto-intoxication?"

SQUIBS

Miss Howe—"Which is worth more, a heartful or a headful?"

A youth, a book,
A class, a look,
Books neglected,
Flunks expected.

A YOUTHFUL TRAGEDY

Someone had given little Willie a pocket compass. His teacher carefully explained the different points. "See," said she, "You have the north in front of you, the east to your right and the west to your left. Now what have you behind?"

Willie looked shocked and sorry.—"There!" he exclaimed pathetically, "I knew some one would see that patch, but mother says I got to wear these pants all the rest of the month."

"What's that bump on your head, Kohler?" "Oh, that's where a thought struck me."

Miss Howe—"Do you know Shakespeare well?" "Dippy" Parish—"Aw, g'wan yuh can't kid me, Shakespeare's dead."

Miss Turner in Industrial History:—I was looking at Robert and thinking of Jack, and,—, Well, —, I dont know what he was thinking.

"Cy's" Ideal

"Hammie's" Ideal

ADVICE TO SENIORS—By "ONE WHO HAS SEEN"

Some of the dignified Seniors have been seen to actually undertake the "Childish Stunt" of sliding down banisters. The other day Elizabeth was heard to dare Estella to slide down; and Estella took the dare. When about half way down the steep incline, Estella perceived Rogers at the bottom of the stair. Horrified, she uttered a little squeal—then regaining her composure said, "I'm coming, "Now, don't you ever tell, Harold."

No Estella, Harold did not tell. But before acting so rashly again I would look up, down, and all around to be sure that no one else was looking.

SPRING POEM By CLARENCE

On a wet and chilly night,
Wrapt in silence deep,
I lay me down despite
A heart disposed to weep,
Ah! how fleeting now is love!
How unreal be what yours!
Can one set one's heart above
The world of sorrow one endures.

TO GOOD-NATURED

Bobbie:—Oh, mamma! Have you seen Uncle Jake? He looks awfully funny.

Bobbie's Mother (anxiously):—What's the matter with him?

"I think he has been taking some of that good natured alchohol."

TYPICAL OF M. H. S.

"I seen her when she 'done it,"
Said the girlie on the train,
"I seen her when she done it,"
And she done it just as plain!

"She never had no bringin' up;
She acts just like a fool,
I haven't saw such manners
Since I was a kid at school."

"Just between I and you, my dear,
Her educations' bad,
She doesn't speak grammatical,
Her English makes me sad."

"I've often saw the lady,"
Said her escort on the train,
"And all them fool mistakes she makes,
Would give a guy a pain.

"It's just as easy to talk right,
Like fellows in a book,
And that's why I remember
All the lessons I have took."

"You'd think she'd be more careful
Of grammatical mistakes,
Why don't she talk like I and you,
And not make all them awful breaks."

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"I should think so, right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit. Tid Bits.

Admirer:—"Where did you get that heartrending description of a sick child?"

Great Author:—"It's the way my boy says he feels when he wants to get out of going to school."—Life.

First Student:—"Where do the bugs go in winter?"

Second Student:—(Absentmindedly) "Search me."—*Crabbe.*

"If there were four flies on a table and I killed one, how many would be left?" inquired the teacher.

"One," answered a bright little girl, "the dead one."—(Sacred Heart Review).

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Walter:—"Why is a hen immortal?"
Don't know. Why is she?"
Walter:—"Because her son never sets." (Ohio Sun Dial).

"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not proper for you to turn around and look after a gentleman?"
"But mama, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking." —Fliegande Blaetter.

Doctor (examining freshman):—Can you see with one eye as well as the other?"
Raymond Hass:—Yes sir; better.
—Princeton Tiger.

Miss T.:—Harold, who was Caedmon?
Bob:—He was a Nun.

Marry a bright woman for success, a pretty one for happiness and one who is a good cook for the benefit of digestion. But the pesky lawyers limit you to only one.

"If Dorothy Mix got married would she get a Lott?"

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A small boy, who was sitting next to a very haughty lady in a crowded omnibus, kept on sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could stand it no longer, and turned to the lad. "Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded. The small boy looked at her for a few seconds and then, in a dignified tone came the answer. "Yes, I have, but I don't lend it to strangers."

EVOLUTION OF A STUDENT

Freshie:—"Please mam, I did not understand the question."

Soph:—"Give me the question again."

Junior:—"I didn't get you."

Senior:—"Huh?"

Miss Welch (in 2nd year German):—"Logan, what would you like to be when you grow older?"

Logan:—"A farmer."

"Eleanore (asked Miss Welch), "What would you like to be?"

Eleanore:—"I don't know, but one thing I wouldn't like to be is a farmer's wife."

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No one would discover that you had a temper, if you didn't exhibit it occasionally.

Freshie (in Algebra):—"I have got one and one-half horses. Should I reduce it to colts?"

If Lester Lott ran a bakery, would Dorothy Mix?

Miss Terry:—"Are you girls talking again?"

D. Mix (aside)—"No, yet."

I stood upon a hill.
I looked upon a plain.
I saw a bunch of green stuff; it looked like waving grain.
I looked at it again, it looked just like green grass
But heavens, to my horror; it was the Freshman Class.

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The Normal School
The School of Music
The Academy
The School of Business

WORK FOR "A" or "B" CLASS, TEACHERS MAY BE TAKEN ANY TERM

Spring term opens March 23d
Summer term opens June 1st
Fall term opens Sept. 9th
Winter term opens Dec. 3d

Write for Special Summer School Bulletin

JOHN E. HARTZLER, President
PAUL E. WHITMER, Dean

GOSHEN :-: :-: INDIANA

Miss Howe (in Freshmen Eng.)—"Mildred give me an example of a coincidence."
Mildred—"Why—er—my mother and father were married on the same day."

Do you get the point?
Probably the man who gave circulation to the idea that there is always more room at the top never saw a pyramid.

Charlie wrote this verse,
It isn't very funny
It couldn't be much worse
But Charlie needed money.

A man never realizes his insignificance until he enters a dry goods store.

Freshman-Irresponsible.
Soph-Irrepressible.
Junior-Irresistible.
Senior-Irreproachable.

Mary W. (a tiny Freshie)—This chair is too low; give me a high-chair.

JOHN C. DISTLER

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Hot Water and Steam Heating
a Specialty

Basement, Post Office

Miss Kern (speaking to the physiography class about the "heavenly planets")—Earl, what do you look at when you take a walk on a star lit evening?

Earl——Why—the girl I take along!

Teacher—Will you please give me a scientific definition of gentleman.

Bran—Must be an extinct animal.

Hotel Mgr. (at Nappannee)—"Where's that, "Not to be used except in case of fire" sign.

Clerk:—"Oh! those high school kids from Mishawaka, that pretend to play basket-ball, nailed it up over the coal bin.

NO HOPES

Helen Service—Say, by the way are you going to take supper any where tomorrow evening.

Harry Eager (hopefully) Whey-er-n-n -n-n-no, not that I know of.

Helen (severely) My, 'Ill bet you'll be hungry the next morning.

Muncie Normal Institute

FORMERLY MARION NORMAL COLLEGE

AN ACCREDITED SCHOOL

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Mid-Spring Term opens April 21
Summer Term opens June 2
Mid-Summer Term opens July 14

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SPRAGUE

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Miss Welch (translating but this was unknown to the Freshie.) "Tell me thou slave, where is thy horse?"

Freshie—"It's in my pocket mam, but I wasn't using it."

Mr. Horton—"How does this happen that you are five minutes late."

D. J. Graham—"Why I guess I must have overwashed myself."

No hostess succeeds by entertaining doubts.

Miss W. (Latin)—"What is gen. sin. of mos?"

Pierece (suddenly)—"Moses!"

They say that the rehearsals for the senior play are so sad and tragic that even the seats are in tiers.

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124 North Main Street

The superintendent was examining the school. "Who wrote Hamlet?" he asked. A very frightened little boy rose to his feet and said, "Please sir, I didn't."

The superintendent was telling one of the members of the school board. "Haw! Haw!" said he, I bet the little rascal did it all the time."

(In the graveyard)—"I'm in dead earnest," said one little bug to another.

Miss Howe—(Eng. 111)—"Roy will you please explain the following—"If a man smite you on one cheek turn unto him the other also."

Roy Kohler (pensively)—"Why, it means that you must want both to look alike.

Horton—"What made that noise?"

Walter—"Oh, I just dropped a perpendicular, Mr. Horton."

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A man who had never been duck hunting shot at a duck in the air. The duck fell dead to the ground. "Well, you got him!" exclaimed the amateur's friend.

"Yes," replied the amateur, but I might as well have saved my ammunition—the fall would have killed him."—Boston Post.

Grocer:—"Well, little boy, do you want to buy some candy?"

"Sure I do, but I gotta buy soap.—Life.

Is there any alcohol in cider?

Bran—(looking around wildly) "Inside who?"

The one who thinks these jokes are poor,
Would straight way change his views,
Could he compare the jokes we print,
With those we do not use.

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WELL

VAN RIE

the

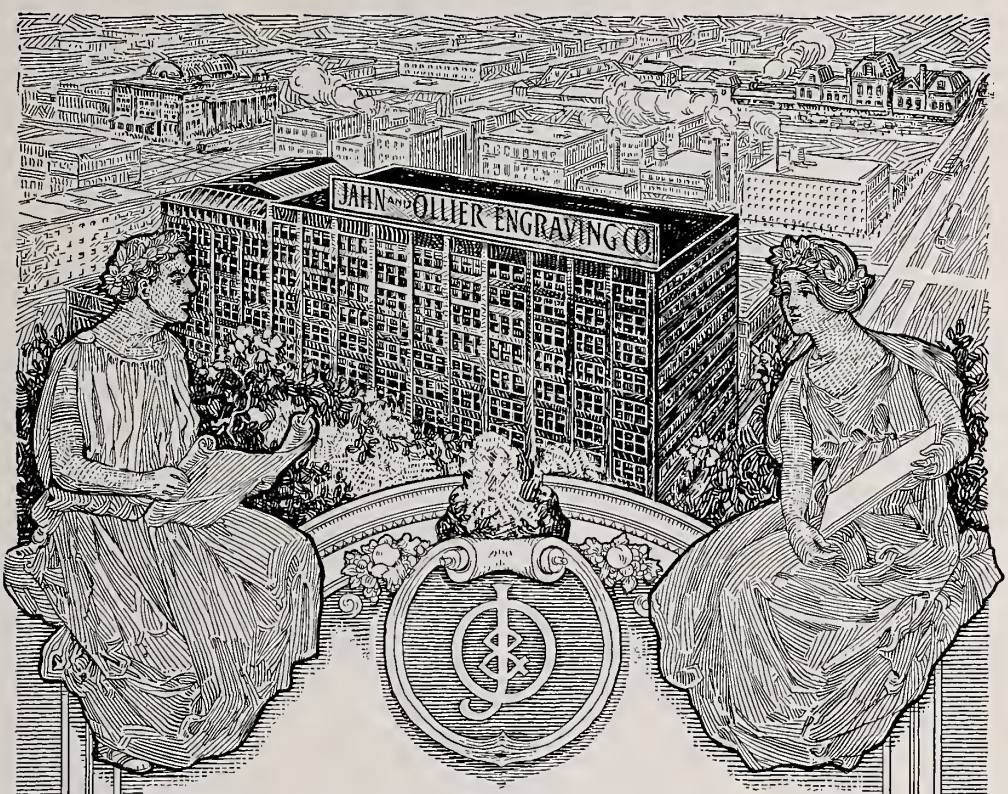
JEWELER

In the U. S. History exam:—
"General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him and a fourth went through his clothes."

Editor:—I see you've headed this article "One more veteran less."
"Yes, anything wrong with it?"
"I'm not positive, but don't you really mean "One less veteran more?"

Mr. Horton—"What do you suppose I called you in here for?"
Stelle—"Oh, I suppose you wanted to ask my advice about some business or other concerning the department."

"I wish, Llywelyn wouldn't send you so many chocolates," said Earl.
"Why?" simpered Bernice. "Are you jealous?"
"No; but I prefer to eat marshmallows."



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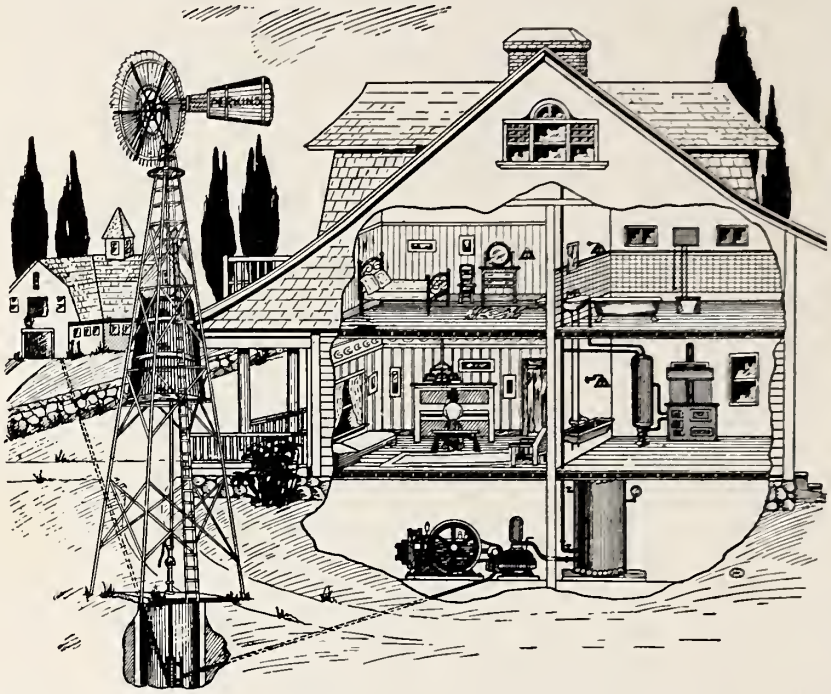

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Studley:—"I am very conservative regarding my amusements."
Kohler:—"I haven't much money either."

Rusty in advertising the circus:—Everybody ought to get behind and pull.

Miss Turner:—What is watered stock?
L. M.:—Why, fish.

Overheard conversation between Two Freshmen in one of the corriders of M. H. S.
"I want one of them there things."
"Oh, you don't know where you're at. Them aint no good.

Horton (entering the Geom. Class Room unexpectedly):—Well, what's the bill of fare for today?
Student:—Proposition VIII. three vases.
Horton:—That's pretty tough.

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